

AUGUST No. 2

10¢

HIT COMICS

NEON
THE NEW MAN
IN
THE TYRANT'S
DOOM.
•
HERCULES
•
THE
RED BEE



THE STRANGE
TWINS
•
WEIRD TALES
•
JACK AND JILL
DETECTIVES
•
BLAZE BARTON
•
X-5 Super Agent

[illegible]

Look For This Cover!

NATIONAL

COMICS 10¢



DON'T MISS THE
NEW ISSUE.
IT'S FULL OF
SURPRISES!

READ THESE ACTION-
PACKED FEATURES:

MERLIN THE MAGICIAN

WONDER BOY
SALLY O'NEIL

PEN MILLER

AND MANY OTHERS

NIT COMICS, August, 1940, No. 2. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 1213 W. 3rd St., Cleveland, Ohio. Executive and Editorial office, Century Building, 222 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Yearly subscription \$1.50, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.80. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Marbury, Advertising Representative, 40 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1940 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

HERCULES



UNLESS I'M PAID WHAT I ASK WITHIN 24 HOURS I'LL BLAST THE DAM AND FLOOD MEADOWLANE!



By
Gregg Powers

IN
"A TOWN'S
RANSOM"

THE GREAT COUVER DAM REARS MAJESTICALLY FROM THE SMALL VALLEY TOWN OF MEADOWLANE. IT IS A GREAT BOON THIS DAY BUT...

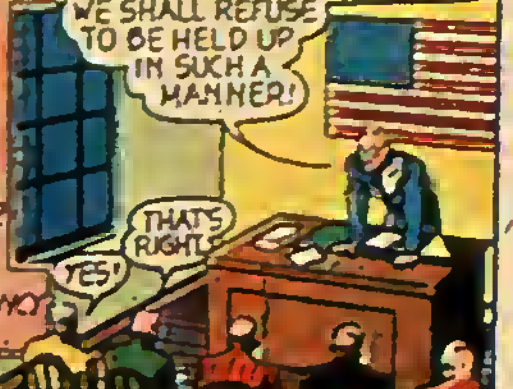


A THREATENING NOTE IS RECEIVED SAYING THAT UNLESS THE TOWN PAYS \$500,000 TO A SYNDICATE OF CROOKS, THE DAM WILL BE BLOWN UP. THE TOWN COUNCIL IS IN AN EMERGENCY SESSION.

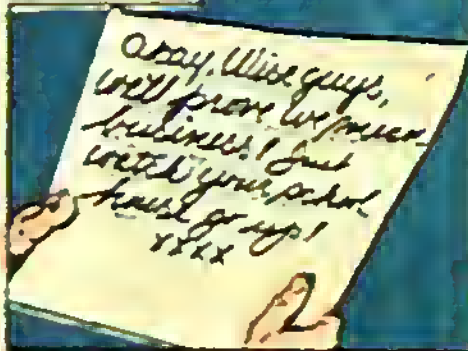
"THEN WE AGREE, GENTLEMEN, THAT THIS IS JUST A BLUFF! WE SHALL REFUSE TO BE HELD UP IN SUCH A MANNER!"

"THAT'S RIGHT!"

"YES!"



IMMEDIATELY ANOTHER WARNING IS RECEIVED.

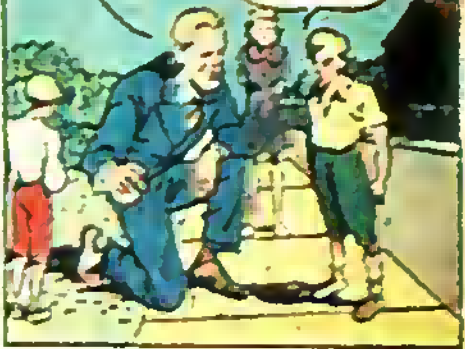


HERCULES, A STRANGER IN THE TOWN, PASSES THE SCHOOLHOUSE

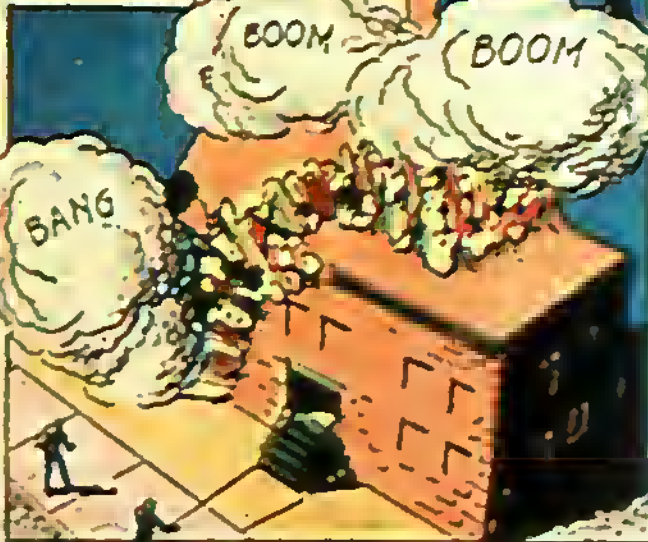


WHY IS SCHOOL OUT TODAY?

CAUSE SOMEBODY'S GONNA EXPLODE THE SCHOOL!



GREAT SCOTT!! THE SCHOOL!



HERCULES IS CAUGHT AT THE SCENE.



BUT OFFICER, YOU GOT ME WRONG!

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE

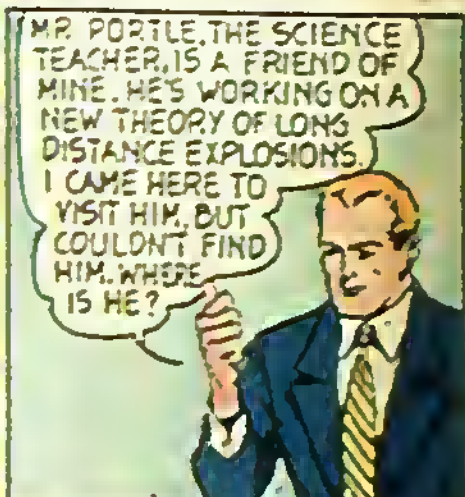


HERCULES EXHIBITS A PIECE OF METAL.

I FOUND THIS AT THE SCENE!

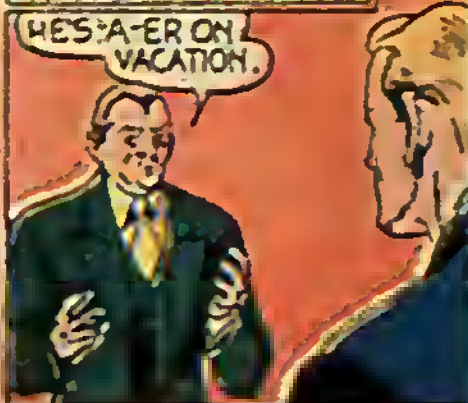


MR. PORTLE, THE SCIENCE TEACHER, IS A FRIEND OF MINE. HE'S WORKING ON A NEW THEORY OF LONG DISTANCE EXPLOSIONS. I CAME HERE TO VISIT HIM, BUT COULDN'T FIND HIM. WHERE IS HE?



CRINCH, A TOWN BOARD MEMBER SPEAKS.

HE'S A-ER ON VACATION.



FREED ON LACK OF EVIDENCE, HERCULES VISITS THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

NO, AS FAR AS I KNOW, PORTLE IS NOT ON VACATION.



THEN CRINCH LIED!

AND PORTLE MUST BE IN GRAVE DANGER!



THAT NIGHT HERCULES VISITS
CRINCH'S HOME.



HE BREAKS OPEN THE SAFE.



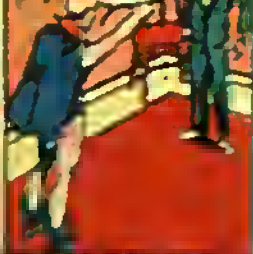
TELEGRAM

WE LIKE YOUR PROPOSAL
CRINCH STOP TWENTY FIVE
PERCENT IS OUR CUT STOP
MEET YOU IN LAB TO TALK
OVER DETAILS
TUES

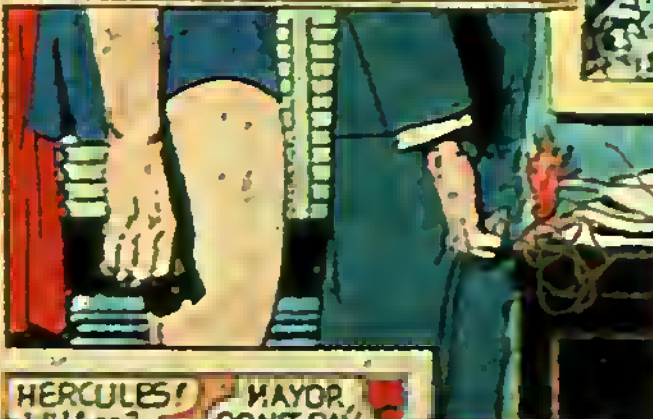
SAY!
WHAT'S
THIS?



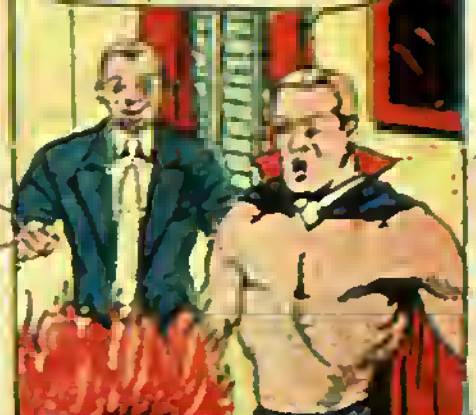
CRINCH! THERE'S
ENOUGH IN
THOSE PAPERS
TO SEND YOU
UP THE
RIVER FOR
LIFE!



BUT CRINCH IS SLY. HE ACTS QUICKLY.



THE EVIDENCE IS GONE!

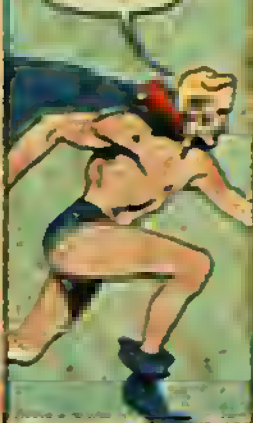


HERCULES!
WHA--?

MAYOR,
DON'T PAY
THE MONEY
FOR THE DAM!
IT WILL BE
BLOWN UP ANYWAY!



I MUST SEE THE
MAYOR!

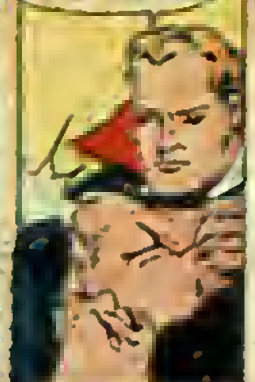


CRINCH RUSHES IN!

THERE HE IS OFFICERS! THAT
MAN ROBBED ME! ARREST
HIM AT
ONCE!



OH NO YOU
DONT! HE'S
THE CROOK!



I'M LEAVING NOW!
I'LL BE THERE WHEN
THE DAM BLOWS
UP!



TO SAVE PEOPLE
FROM THE
FLOOD!



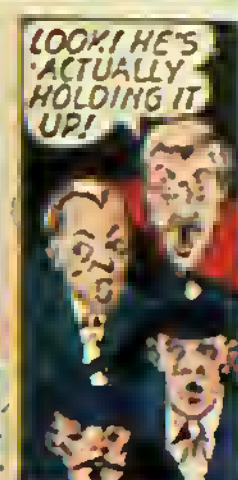
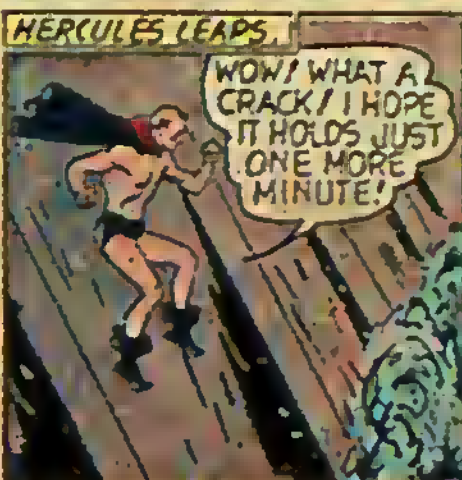
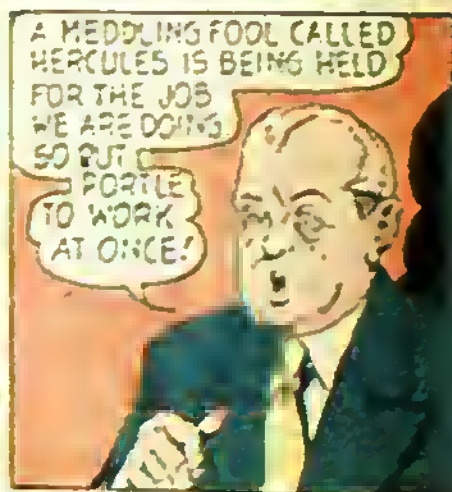
TWO CARS LEAVE..A POLICE
CAR TO PURSUE HERCULES.
AND A PRIVATE CAR CONTAIN-
ING MONEY FOR THE CROOKS.



HERCULES FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED! POLICE ARE AT BOTH ENDS OF THE DAM.



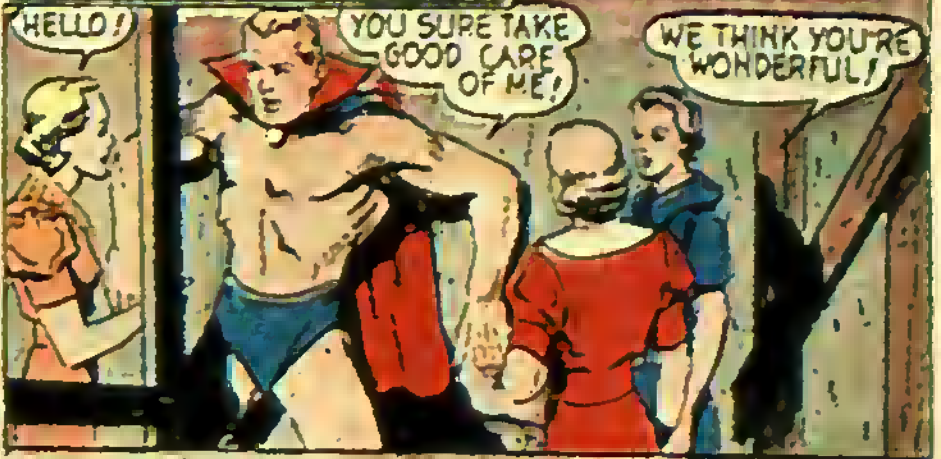
MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL OBSERVATORY-LIKE BUILDING, A SHORT WAY FROM MEADOWLANE...



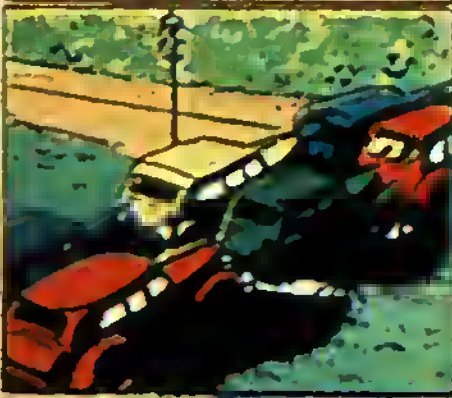
RECONSTRUCTION IS BEGUN
AT ONCE.



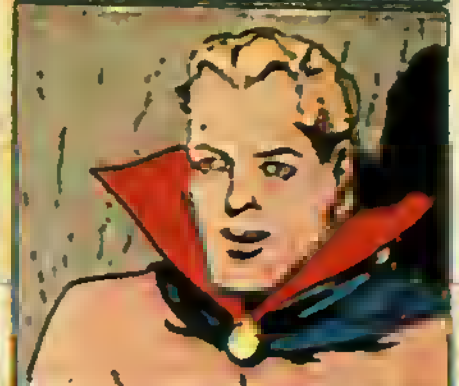
MERCULES HOLDS HIS POST NIGHT AND DAY. THE GIRLS OF
MEADOWLANE BRING HIM FOOD.



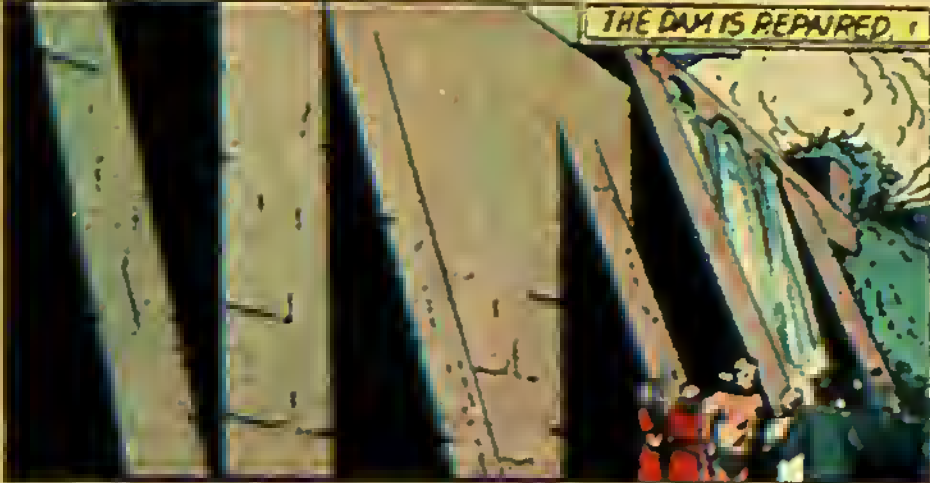
PEOPLE COME FROM EVERY-
WHERE TO SEE THIS WONDER.



AT LAST HIS CHORE IS DONE.



THE DAM IS REPAIRED.



NOW, I MUST FORCE
THOSE CROOKS TO
RETURN THE
MONEY!



I KNOW WHERE THEY
ARE, AND I KNOW
WHERE PORTLE
IS, TOO!



THE LAB
MUST BE
SOMEWHERE
IN THESE
HILLS!



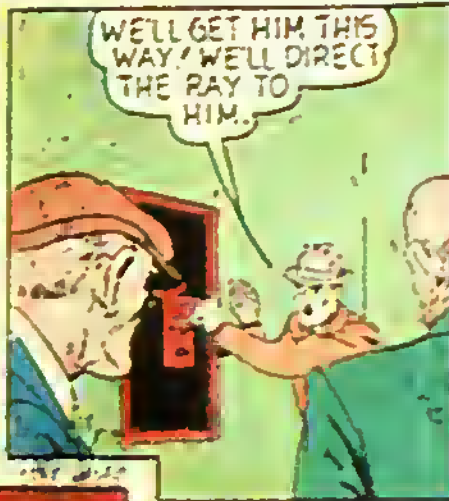
MERCULES FINALLY
REACHES THE CROOK'S
LABORATORY.



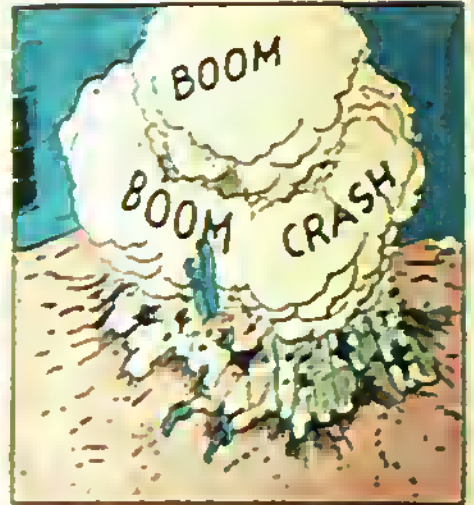
THE THUGS ARE FURIOUS AS THEY SEE HERCULES.



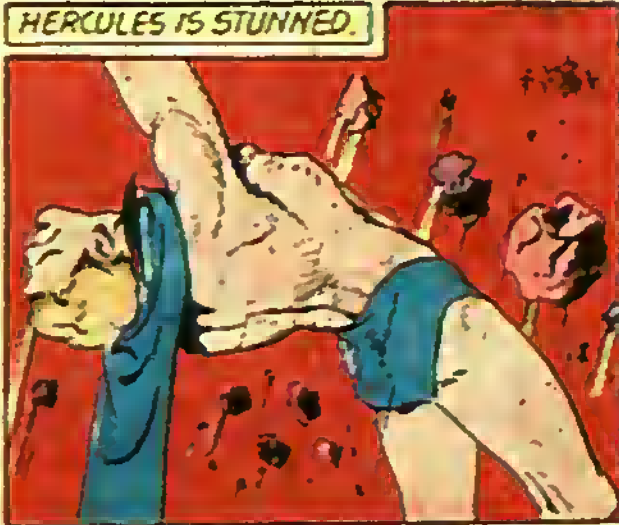
WE'LL GET HIM THIS WAY! WE'LL DIRECT THE RAY TO HIM.



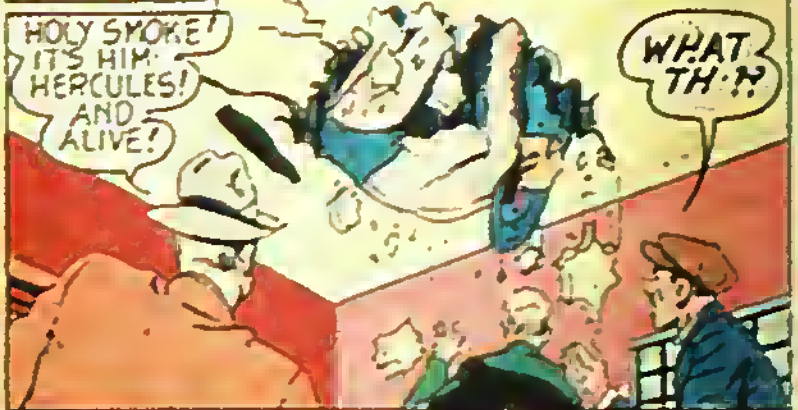
BOOM
BOOM CRASH



HERCULES IS STUNNED.



HE CRASHES THROUGH THE CEILING INTO THE LABORATORY.



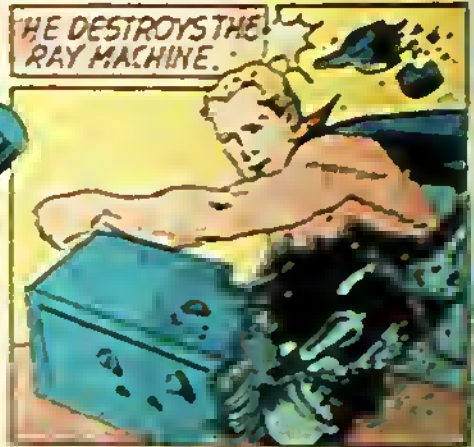
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S HIM! HERCULES! AND ALIVE!

WHAT TH?

OUT OF MY WAY, SMALL FRY!



HE DESTROYS THE RAY MACHINE.



AND FREES HIS FRIEND.



DID THEY HURT YOU OLD MAN?

THE CROOKS FLEE.



WE GOT TO GET AWAY QUICK!

REACHING THE ROOF, THEY RUSH TOWARD AN AUTOGIRO THERE.



HE'LL NEVER GET US NOW!

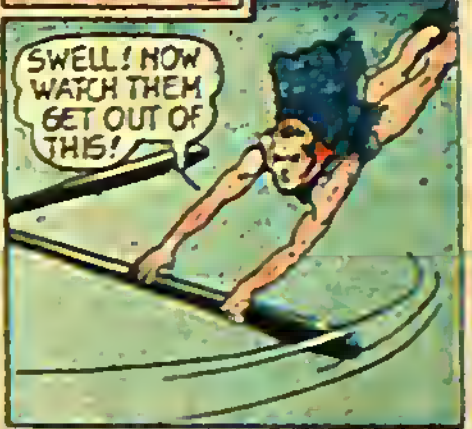
AS THE AUTOBIRO TAKES OFF, HERCULES QUICKLY SCRAMBLES UP A TREE...



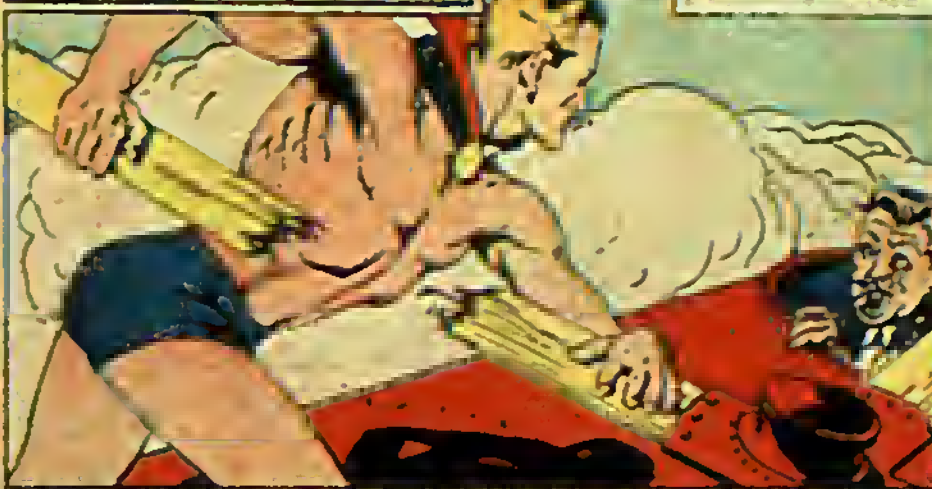
AND LEAPS INTO THE AIR...



CATCHING A WHIRLING BLADE OF THE PLANE.



THE FRIGHTENED MEN SEE HIM SNAP EACH PROPELLER LIKE A TOOTHPICK.



THE PLANE GOES CRAZILY TO THE GROUND



TOO TERRIFIED TO RESIST, THE CROOKS FOLLOW HERCULES.



AT THE POLICE STATION



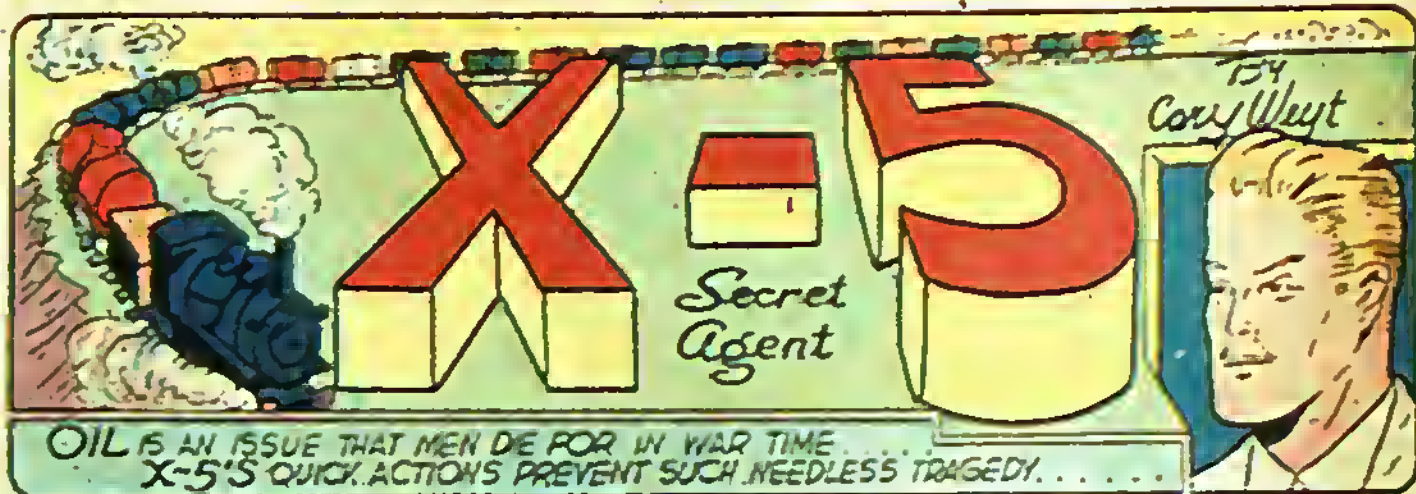
THEN HERCULES RETURNS THE MONEY TO THE MAYOR.



HE IS DECEIVED BY FIDUCITY MEN.



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF HERCULES THE MAN OF UNBENDING STRENGTH IN DODGY COMICS



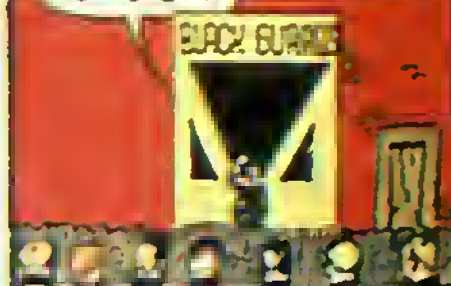
RIMMED IN BY OIL-HUNGRY NEIGHBORS, RUINA TRIES FEARFULLY TO REMAIN NEUTRAL IN A WAR-TORN EUROPE...



IN BAILU, CAPITAL OF RUINA, A SECRET MEETING IS BEING HELD.



IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT NO OIL TRAINS GO THROUGH TO NORDICHA, HOWEVER. . . . THE LEADER WISHES TO INVADE RUINA AND CLAIM THE FIELDS AS HIS OWN!



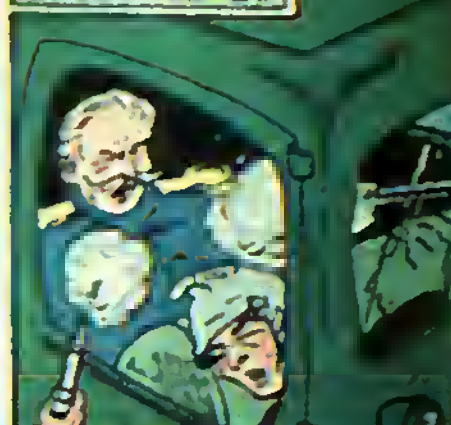
THE NEXT DAY THE PREMIER RIDES TO AN IMPORTANT STATE MEETING. SUDDENLY HIS CAR'S PROGRESS IS BLOCKED BY A PEASANT'S CART IN THE NARROW STREET.



POURING BULLETS INTO THE PREMIER'S BODYGUARDS THE BLACK GUARDS STEP FROM NEARBY DOORWAYS.



AND MURDER THE HELPLESS PREMIER!



PLOTS, MURDER, AND EXECUTIONS FOLLOW IN SWIFT SUCCESSION. THE KING IS DESPERATE.



X-5 IS ON HIS WAY HERE! HE WILL ARRIVE TOMORROW BY TRAIN. COVER THE BORDERS AND DEPOTS! INTERCEPT HIM, BUT BEWARE OF THE POLICE!



AT THE STATION THE BLACK GUARD
WRITERS FOR THE FAMOUS SDY...



AWA GENERAL
FROM OUR
FATHERLAND'S
ARMY!

HMM... X-5 IS NOT
VERY CLEVER IN
HIS DISGUISE!
HEY! OLD MAN!



BAH! HE'S
GENUINE!



HEY!

THE NORDICHA GEN-
ERAL ARRIVES AT THE
PALACE...



I MUST
SEE
THE
KING
AT
ONCE!

THE LEADER WILL HEAR
OF THIS! YOU KEPT ME
WAITING FOR FIVE
MINUTES!



NOW THAT WE'RE
ALONE, YOUR MAJESTY
X-5-AT YOUR
SERVICE!



X-5, THESE
BLACK GUARDS MUST
BE STOPPED BEFORE
THEY DRAG US INTO
A WAR WITH
NORDICHA!



IN THIS
DISGUISE,
I SHOULD
UNCOVER
SOMETHING

LATER... THE LUCKY
SID... X-5...



SID... WE MEET
TODAY
AT NO. 7
PLOTTOY
STREET!

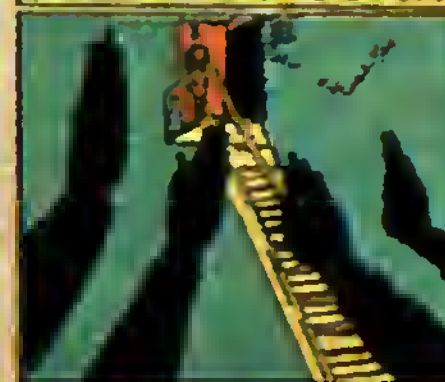


HMM...
NOW TO WALK
INTO THE LION
DEN AND
BEARD THEM
ALL... I HOPE!

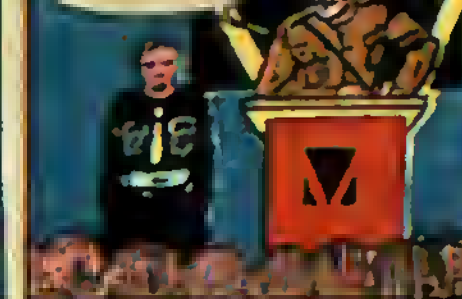
THAT NIGHT X-5 SEARCHES THE
NARROW, SHADOWED PLOTTOY ST.
FOR NUMBER SEVEN...

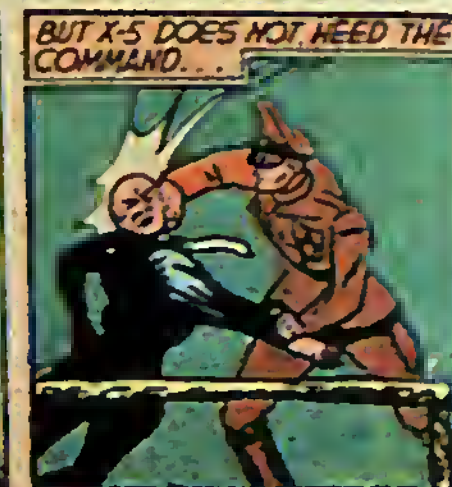
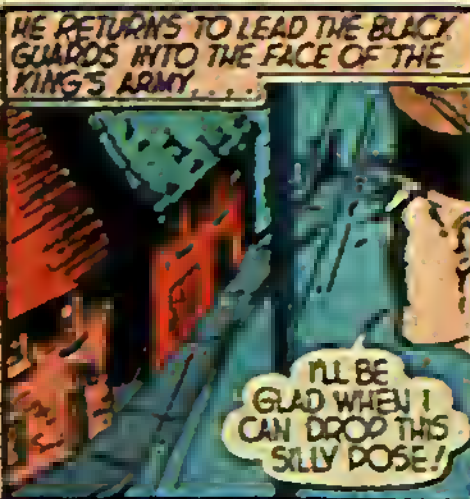
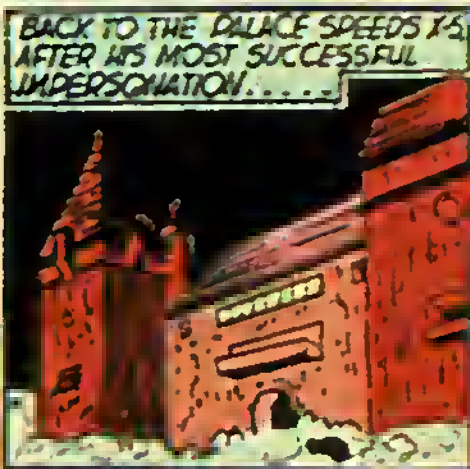


HIS ENTRANCE IS GREETED BY
A MASS SALUTE TO THE DISTIN-
GUISHED VISITING "GENERAL"...

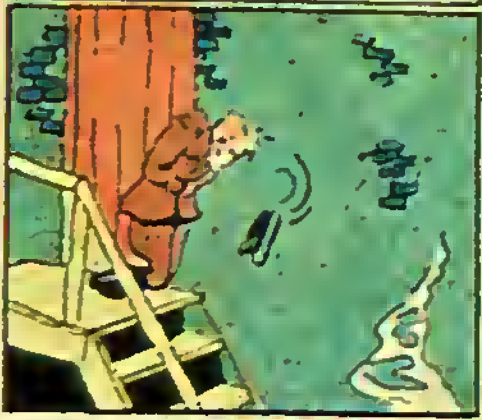


THE LEADER WAS
SENT ME TO YOU
WITH URGENT
ORDERS. WE MUST
ACT AT ONCE!





X-5 STAGGERS FORWARD AND TUMBLES DOWN THE WOODEN STAIRS...



WELL, HE WON'T INTERFERE AGAIN! NOW I MUST HURRY TO THE RAILROAD YARDS!



INTO AN UNUSED SHED WHERE THE RAILROAD RUNS NEAR THE OIL FIELD. MUCHBACH, THE LEADER OF THE BLACK GUARDS STEALTHILY CREEPS...



THESE TANKS WON'T REACH THE BORDER. THE RUINA GUARDS WILL BE WATCHING.



BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THE ENTIRE TRAIN CREW ARE MEMBERS OF THE BLACK GUARD!



MEANWHILE, X-5 HAS RECOVERED FROM THE SHOT, AND DRAGS HIS WAY PAINFULLY TO THE DOOR...



WHAT HAPPENED? TAKE ME TO THE RAILROAD YARDS QUICKLY!



THE BLACK GUARDS ARE UP TO SOMETHING AROUND HERE!



HEAVENS! HE IS STILL ALIVE!



THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE!



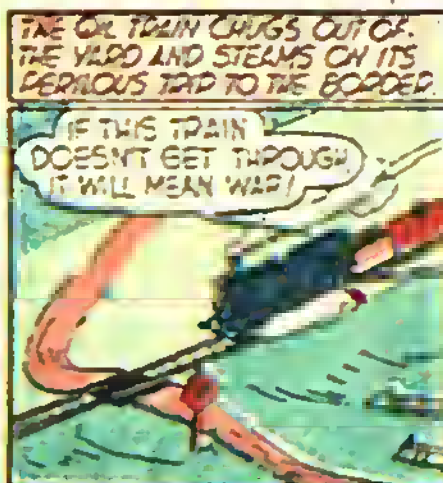
BUT MUCHBACH'S AIM IS WILD IN HIS GREAT EXCITEMENT.



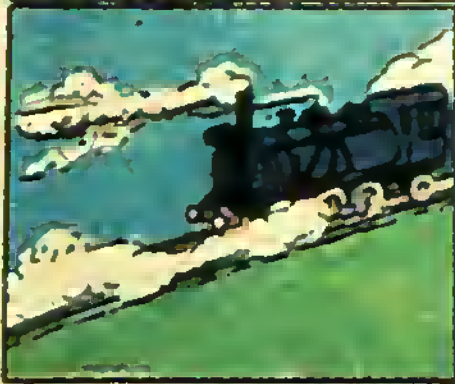
YOU ONLY GET TWO TRIES, MUCHBACH!

TOO BAD! I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE LEARNED WHAT HIS PLANS WERE!





BACK DOWN THE LINE TO THE NOW BLAZING OIL TANKS, SPEEDS THE ENGINE AT X-S'S COMMAND. . . .



COUPLE THEM UP AND START MOVING FAST!!

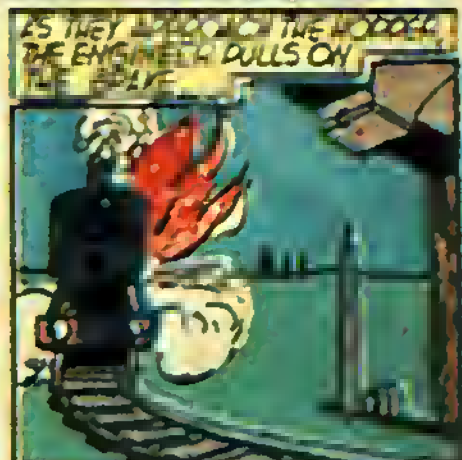
GATHERING UP FULL SPEED THE ENGINE CUTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY LIKE A FLAMING COMET. . . .



WE CAN'T STOP TO PUT THE FIRE OUT!



I SLOW UP AT THAT SAND HOPPER!

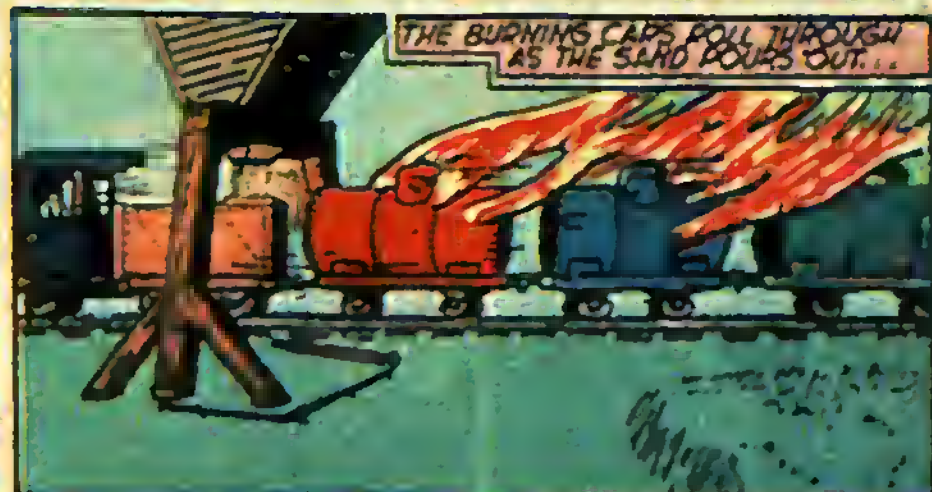


AS THEY APPROACH THE HOPPER, THE ENGINE FULLY DULLS ON THE BRAKE.

SHOVING THE LEVER AS THEY PASS, X-S RELEASES THE SAND TRAP. . . .



THERE/THAT DOES IT!



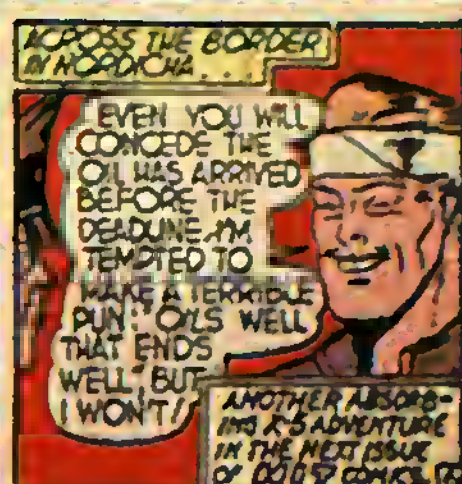
THE BURNING CARS ROLL THROUGH AS THE SAND POURS OUT. . .



THE FIRE IS QUICKLY SMOTHERED BY THE TONS OF SAND!



NOW NORDICHA HAS NO REASON TO DECLARE WAR ON RUSSIA!



ACROSS THE BORDER IN NORDICHA. . .

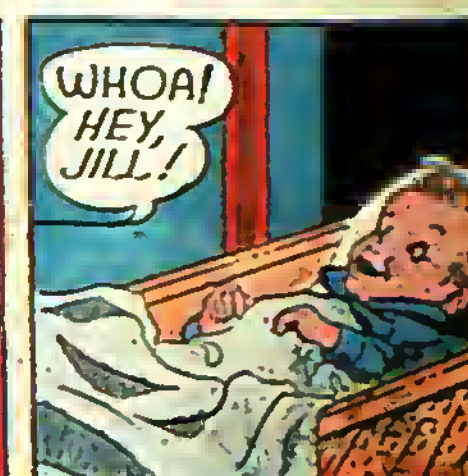
EVEN YOU WILL CONCEDE THE OIL HAS ARRIVED BEFORE THE DEADLINE. I'M TEMPTED TO MAKE A TERRIBLE PUN: OILS WELL THAT ENDS WELL, BUT I WON'T!

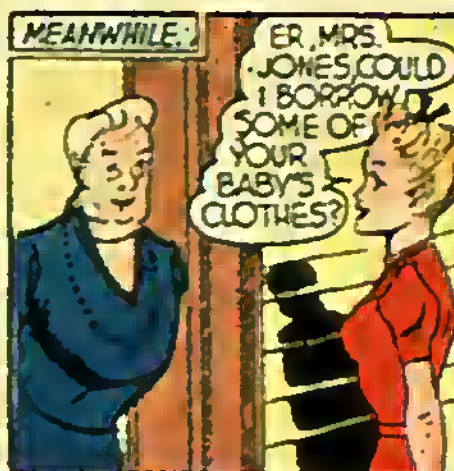
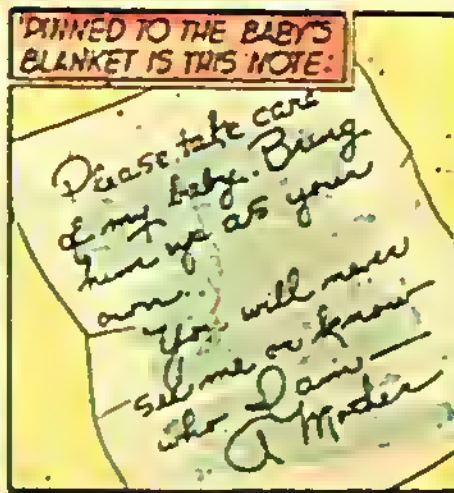
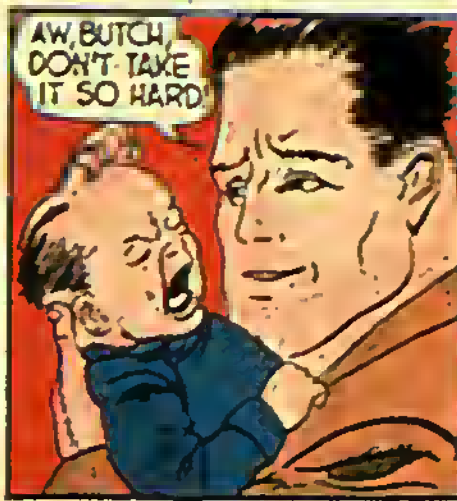
ANOTHER ABSORBING X-S ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DODGY COMICS!

JACK JILL

And Lowell by Riggs

A BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN DROPS LIKE A BOMB INTO THE PEACEFUL (?) HOUSEHOLD OF THE ACE DETECTIVES OF THE FIRM OF J & J.





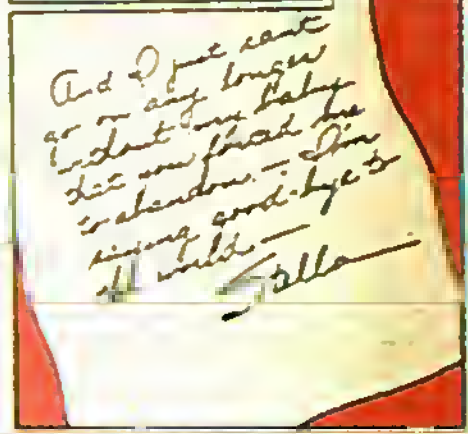
SHE SITS DOWN AT A DESK AND SLOWLY READS A NOTE. JILL JUMPS UP AS SHE OBSERVES THAT THE WOMAN IS WRITING WITH HER LEFT HAND!



(SNIFF) AND I COULDN'T MISTAKE THAT PERFUME!



OVER THE WOMAN'S SHOULDER, JILL REIDS THE NOTE:



NO STELLA, THAT'S NOT SUCH A GOOD IDEA!



AS JILL FIRMLY LEADS THE DISCOURAGED WOMAN TO A CAB, A SILENT FIGURE WATCHES...



STELLA BURSTS INTO TEARS...

YOU SHOULDN'T DO THIS FOR ME!



MY HUSBAND IS 'ROCKY' FORD, HEAD OF A SMUGGLING RING. HE THREATENED TO KILL MY BABY IF I LEFT HIM - I WAS SICK OF HIS CRIMES! HE FORCED ME TO GIVE MY BABY TO YOU!



AND THAT WASN'T SO SMART OF HIM!

B-BUT HE'LL FOLLOW ME HERE! HE'LL KILL US ALL!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I EXPECT HIM TO DO, BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, I'LL FIX EVERYTHING!



THAT NIGHT... WHAT... SAY WHOSE HOUSE IS THIS?



I'M THE NEW MAID, SIR!

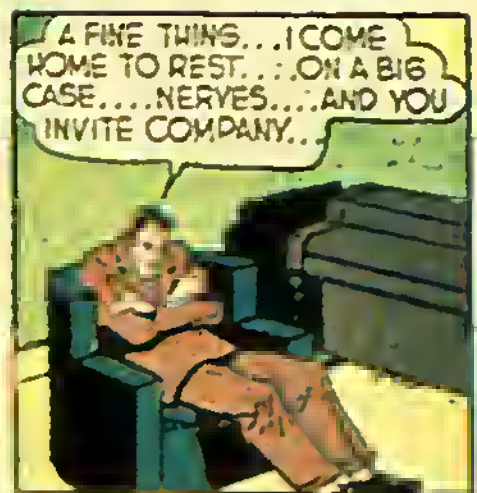
IS THAT YOU JACK?

COULD I SEE YOU OUT HERE DARLING? ALL ALONE!



NOW THEN, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF HIDING A MAID ON THE SMALL SALARY! GET!





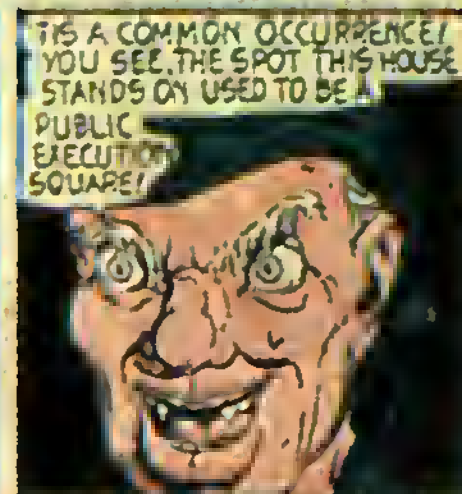
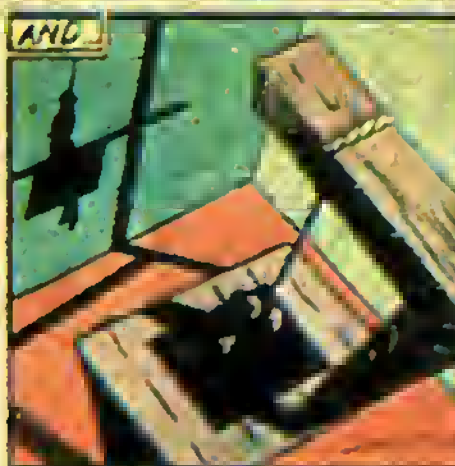




The Old Witch

TELLS THE TALE OF
The PHANTOM SCAFFOLD



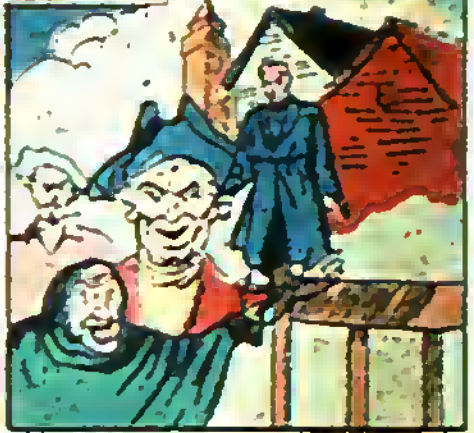
THE ROLLING DRUMS GROW LOUDER AND LOUDER!



AS HE ENTERS A DOWNSTAIRS ROOM...



HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A PUBLIC SQUARE...



AS THE OUTCRIES GROW STRONGER, HE HEARS THE CRUEL BABBLE OF AN EXCITED MOB WATCHING THE GRIM DRAMA BEFORE THEM.



A LOVELY CAPTIVE IS LED FORTH...



TO BE HANGED FOR WITCHCRAFT!



THE CROWD ROARS THE YOUNG MAN DOWN!



THEN HE REMEMBERS WHERE HE IS AND TURNS.



QUICKLY, HE DASHES TOWARD THE DIM OUTLINE OF THE WALL.



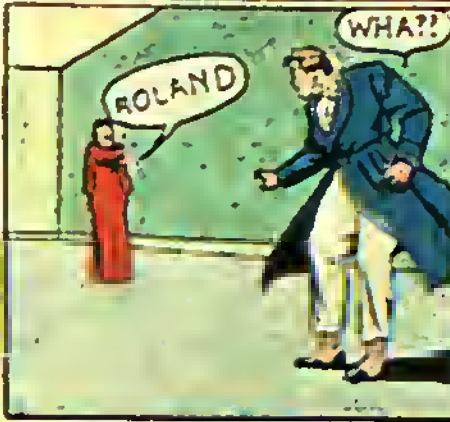
AND SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT...



EMPTY AGAIN!
THANK, GOODNESS!



BUT THE ROOM IS NOT EMPTY.
PATIENCE CALDWELL REMAINS.



SUDDENLY SHE RUSHES INTO
HIS ARMS... SAAY!



YOU HAVE SAVED
MY LIFE! YOU
KNEW I WAS
INNOCENT!

ER-OH, IT WAS
NOTHING!



OH, ROLAND! ROLAND!
AT LAST, WE SHALL BE
SAFE TOGETHER!



WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NOT
ROLAND!

NONSENSE!
YOU ARE MY
ROLAND!



HE TRIES TO PUSH HER AWAY,
BUT...

GREAT HEAVENS! SHE
IS A GHOST!



PALE WITH FEAR HE
BOLTS UP THE STAIRS.

ROLAND!
COME BACK!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF THIS
PLACE!



LIVE WOMEN ARE
BAD ENOUGH!
BUT A GHOST,
GRR, UGH!



A TICKET TO WINGATE!



THAT'S WHAT I GET
FOR BEING
CHIVALROUS!





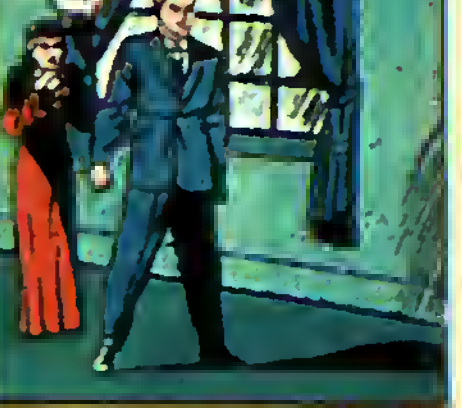
A TROOP OF ANCIENT HORSE-
MEN DISMOUNT BEFORE THE
HOUSE.



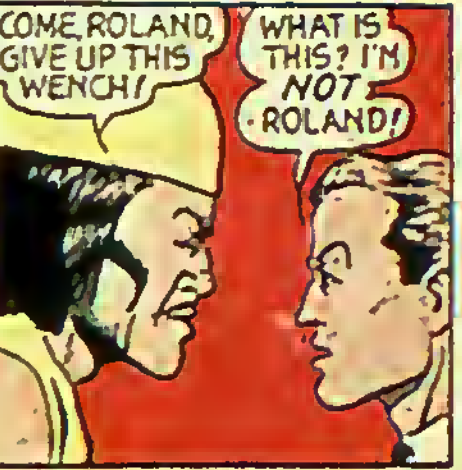
A HEAVY GLOVED FIST POUNDS
ON THE DOOR.



I WON'T
ANSWER
IT!



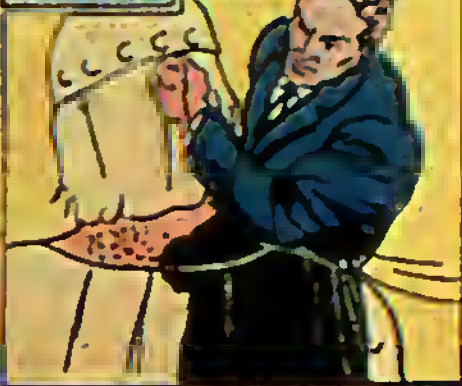
BUT IN ANOTHER MOMENT,
THE DOOR IS THRUST OPEN.



THE SOLDIERS BRUSH PAST
HIM AND HEAD FOR THE GIRL.



BUT STRANGELY, HIS PUNCH
SWINGS THROUGH
THIN AIR.



ONE BLOW FROM THE GHOSTLY
KNIGHT FELS HIM.



THE GUARDS ARE ABOUT TO
TAKE THE GIRL WHEN.



SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...



UNHAND HER, THOU KNAVES! SHE IS INNOCENT!



THE WARRIORS DRAW THEIR SWORDS.



THE YOUNG KNIGHT MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE ANGRY GUARDS.



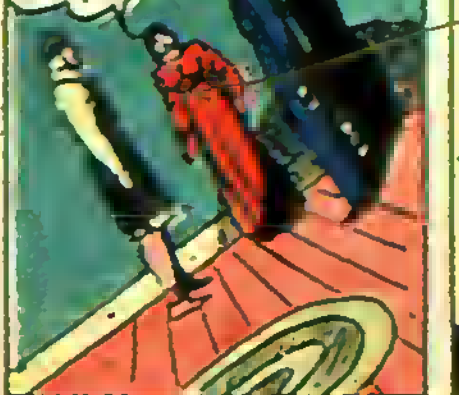
ONE BY ONE THE GIRL'S CAPTORS ARE OVERCOME. THEY DISAPPEAR AS HIS SWORD RUNS THROUGH THEM.



ROLAND! PATIENCE!



BUT WHO IS HE?



ASTOUNDING!



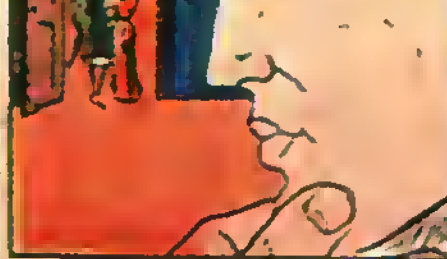
WE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?



RAWLSON... THEN WE ARE YOUR ANCESTORS! YOU MERELY TOOK MY PLACE IN AN INCIDENT OF MANY CENTURIES AGO!



ROLAND RAWLSON! YES OF COURSE HE WAS THE FOUNDER OF OUR FAMILY! BUT HOW—?



HOW? HEE HEE! JOHN RAWLSON NEVER ANSWERED THAT QUESTION! HOW COULD PAST AND PRESENT MERGE!



THE OLD WITCH SAYS ANOTHER YET BY THE AGE...

The **STRANGE TWINS** *BY S.M. REE*

DEEP IN THE SMOKY DENS OF LIMEHOUSE TWO BROTHERS CLASH.. ONE A SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVE, THE OTHER A CRIMINAL. UNKNOWN TO EACH OTHER, THEY WAGE A FIERCE BLOODY STRUGGLE.

JAILED BY INSPECTOR STRANGE, THE VICIOUS ROO, KING OF THE CRIMINAL WORLD PASSES THE MOORS PLANNING REVENGE.



NO ONE PAYS MUCH NOTICE TO THE QUIET FIGURE OF OLD WINS LOW, AS HE PASSES THE PRISON AT DUSK.



BUT THAT NIGHT, ROO'S CELL IS EMPTY, AND THE EERIE LIGHT REVEALS A DEAD GUARD...



BUT ALREADY A SWIFT TRAIN HAS CROSSED THE SCOTTISH BORDER...

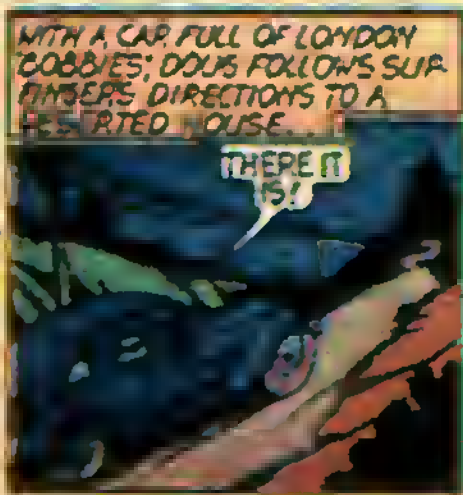
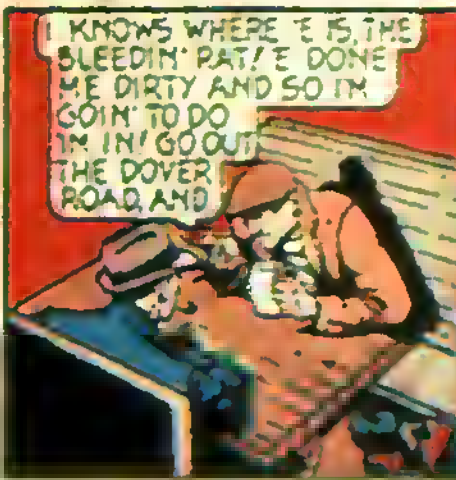
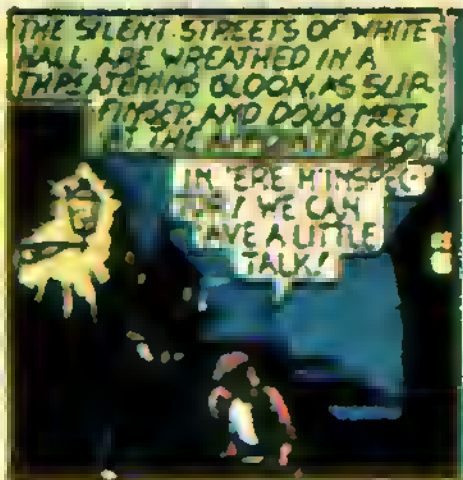
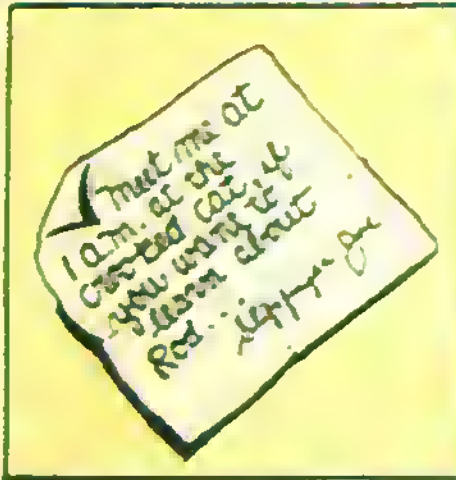
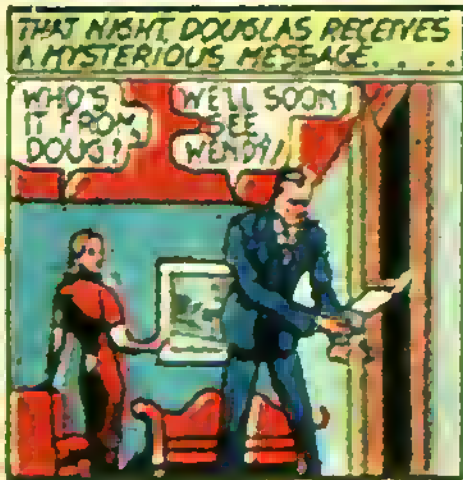


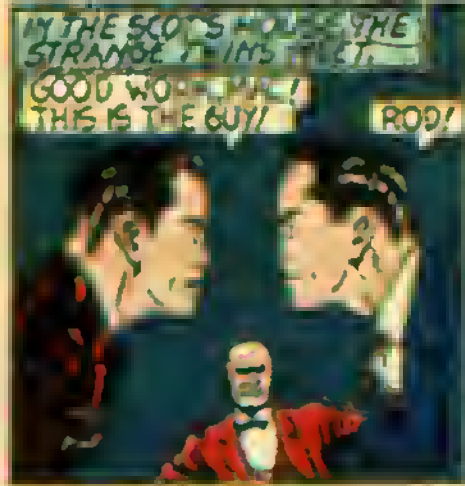
AT THE FIRST STOP, A BEARDED MAN FOLLOWS HIS ORIENTAL SERVANT FROM THE COACH...

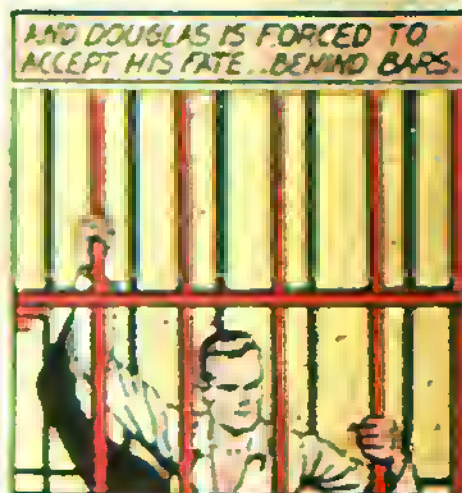
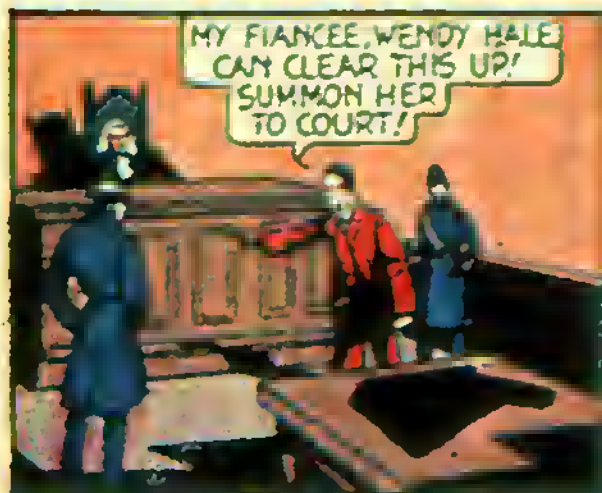


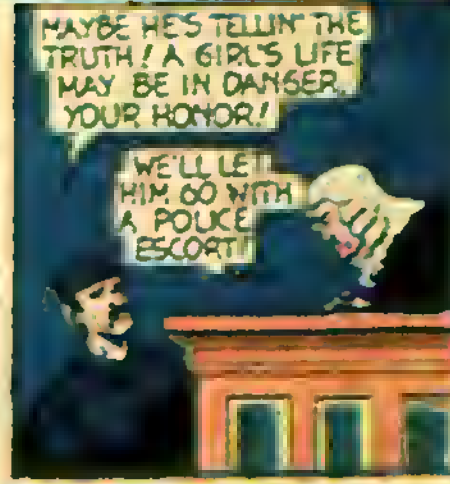
OVER THE BLEAY MOORS TO AN OLD STONE COTTAGE, RIDE THE ODD PAIR.













BUT A HEAVY IRON DOOR CRASHES DOWN BETWEEN THE POLICE AND ROD AS WING PRESSES A CONCEALED SPRING.



WENDY AND DOUG ARE CAUGHT BEHIND THE STEEL WALL WITH THE MURDEROUS ROD.



SUDDENLY WING LOW CRIES OUT AS THOUGH IN GREAT PAIN..



STARTLED, ROD TURNS TO SEE HIS OLD FRIEND MOANING ON THE FLOOR.



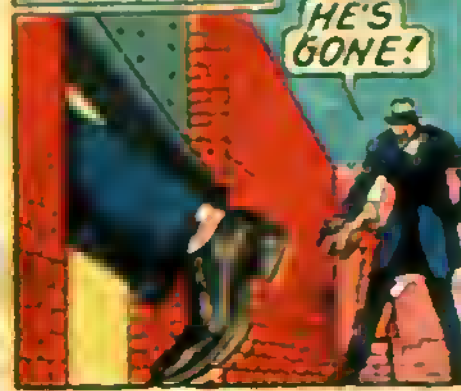
LIKE A FLASH DOUG SEIZES THE GUN AND WRENCHES IT FROM HIS TWIN'S HAND...



IT'S TIME YOU GAVE UP ROD, THE CARDS ARE STACKED AGAINST YOU!



BEFORE DOUG CAN FIRE, ROD DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE SLIDING PANEL.



NO USE TO LOOK FOR ROD.. HE IS GONE FOR LONG TIME.. FAR AWAY!



YES, I SAVE LIFE OF REAL DOUGLAS STRANGE.. MASTER, ROD IS SAFE ON WAY OUT OF COUNTRY. DO NOT LOCK UP THE INSPECTOR NOW.



QUIETLY, THE OLD CHINESE SLIPS INTO A SHADOWED PASSAGEWAY, AND IS OFF TO FOLLOW THE CRIMINAL HE LOVES AS A SON.



THANK HEAVEN, YES, DARLING, WE'LL GET TOGETHER AGAIN! I'LL REST UNTIL I GET ROD BEHIND BARS FOR GOOD!



WHAT MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE BEHIND THE STRANGE TWINS IN THE NEXT ISSUE?!



Everybody saw the Mayor die.

But nobody could tell you exactly what happened. None of that throng that had been gathered in the square that evening to hear the Mayor's speech could give the same story. And most of them didn't even dare to think of what they had seen.

Mayor Hoffman had not been popular. He misused the public funds for his own benefit and everybody knew it. But he also had the police department in his control and everybody knew that also. Many enemies, publicly and privately, had made threatening remarks about the Mayor and most of them were there that night, but no suspicion could be thrown in their direction.

The coroner had pronounced the death as slow strangulation—but even he wasn't sure of the exact method.

The people in the Square that night had been listening to a long harangue for almost an hour. The Mayor was still going full blast. His fist was raised in a powerful gesture to emphasize his bellowing speech. He brought it down in a wide arc, but it never pounded on the balustrade before him. It stopped half-way and the Mayor jerked his whole body forward, his mouth still open, but no words came forth. His jaw stiffened and jutted out.

His eyes stared in horror above the heads of the people.

The crowd stood almost as still as the paralyzed Mayor. Then a slow, frightened murmur seethed through them and rose to terrified wails and shrieks as a sickly green light seemed to emanate from the body of the stiff figure on the balcony. He glowed from inside like an eerie neon illumination—streaks of purple shone vividly through the green as his blood vessels swelled under an unseen pressure.

Most of the women turned and ran from the crowd as the Mayor's head began to swell rapidly. They did not see him turn a fiery red and at last fall headlong over the railing to the paved court.

In another part of town, Gustav Huer was playing his violin. Wild strains came from the taut strings of Gustav's fiddle. They were not musical sounds—but seemed to be shrieks of unrepressed joy, mounting higher and higher until the neighboring windows were thrown open and heads popped out shouting in angry protest. But Gustav's rising crescendos topped them all.

Suddenly the screaming violin stopped. Silence blanketed the neighborhood once more, until the noise from the square began to eddy into the side streets and excited figures ran, shouting the

news, throughout the town.

"Mayor Hoffman's dead! He's been killed—Murdered!"

Gustav Huer ran from his garret, clattered noisily down the four steep flights and dashed into the street shouting in a hoarse voice, strained with great emotion:

"It was I! I killed the grafting Mayor. I killed him! I! And now I will be the great liberator. I will be King! I have Power—great unknown power and a whole army at my command—the world shall be free of all tyrants and dictators—and I, Gustav Huer, a humble violinist, will lead them. I and my violin!"

Everyone thought that Gustav had gone mad. But the police arrested him on a charge of murder for want of a better suspect.

He was examined carefully by all the great physicians in Europe, but they could not establish any proof that he was insane except for the fact that he insisted that he had killed the Mayor in a way that only he would ever know, for it held the secret of world power. It would be too dangerous for the knowledge to be spread and used by unscrupulous men.

"But Gustav," he was asked by a famous Austrian doctor, "You admit to the murder of Mayor Hoffman. Wasn't that an unscrupulous act?"

"No," answered the violinist firmly. "He deserved it. It is not wrong to right an evil. Mayor Hoffman was evil. There are murderous rulers in this world that shall also die at my command. For the good of the people!"

Gustav Huer was tried and convicted of murder. His own confession helped to convict him. And as the state was anxious to be through with the matter, they convinced the jury that Gustav had poisoned the Mayor with an obscure drug bearing a terrifically long name.

In prison, the "commander of unseen powers" paced dejectedly up and down the cell. His cell-mate, a hardened murderer awaiting his execution day, watched him through narrow slits of eyes.

"What's the matter, with you, musician? You asked for this, didn't you? What did you have to run out and yell to everybody that you murdered the guy—didn't you know it would land you in the death cell?"

"No, Fritz, no—I thought they would believe that I could free them. That was a big mistake. Now I have lost all hope of that. They have taken my violin. If I could have it just once more in my hands—just once more—I could show them!"

Fritz, the killer, shook his head, half in pity, half in disgust. He shifted his huge frame on the iron bed and pulled the thin little man down beside him.

"Come on, Huer, tell me the secret. How did you murder the Mayor? What's your violin got to do with it?"

Gustav sighed deeply and then plunged into his tale. It didn't matter, telling it to Fritz—he was going to die soon anyway. It was a story of long years of experimenting with sound. Gustav had discovered a way to produce



notes on his violin higher than the human ear could detect. Animals, he knew, are attuned to some of these sounds—but Gustav went further than animal life. He contacted a specie of ether-beings that floated invisibly about the earth communicating in these unheard sounds. He spoke to them with his violin!

And more wonderful still—he teased them to answer by plucking the lower notes in certain rhythms!

He had a whole army of ether-beings at his command. It was they who had murdered the mayor in so hideous a manner. So, at least, he told Fritz.

And Fritz told the guard. And the guard told the authorities. And the authorities shook their heads with a smile and murmured. "Poor Gustav is still as mad as ever, but he shall soon hang."

When Gustav asked for his violin as a last favor before he died on the gallows, they gave it to him willingly. The guards leered in through the bars and asked mockingly, "Going to murder some dictators with your fiddle, Gustav?"

The violinist grew pale with fury and he shouted, "Yes, yes, I will do what I promised before I die. I will free the people—although they don't deserve it if there are many like you—you dull-witted gorilla!"

Gustav played without ceasing for the two hours before his execution. Even the stupid guard listened with awe. But toward the end the music stopped. And yet, Gustav still moved his bow across the strings, still trilled his fingers as though he were playing an intricate concerto.

"He's gone out of his head completely, now," said the guard to Fritz who sat in wondering silence. But he sounded, like, he was trying to convince himself.

Gustav Huer was taken away and hung by the neck until dead.

Fritz and the guard sighed audibly when they heard the trap sprung. But their relief was broken by the sound of a violin being plucked. Gustav's fiddle lay on the cot. And something they could not see was plucking an eerie rhythm on the strings!


That night the world was astounded by startling news. The world's great dictators had died simultaneously, choked to death by an invisible force, swollen to ghastly proportions!

The people of freed nations built a huge monument to their liberator, but by that time Gustav Huer was dead.

The RED DEE

AN INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC DEVASTATES THE CITY / WHILE HUNDREDS DIE, FAT, GRASPING POLITICIANS, LIKE VULTURES, REAP A RICH HARVEST FROM THE SUFFERERS.

B. H. APIARY.



NIGHT AND DAY AMBULANCES TEAR THROUGH THE STREETS ON THEIR URGENT MISSIONS.



HOSPITALS ARE OVERCROWDED! PATIENTS ARE TREATED WHERE THEY FALL. . . .



YOUNG PALESH SPEAKS TO HIS BOSS, THE D.A.



THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO! WE SIMPLY HAVEN'T GOT THE FUNDS! THE CITY TREASURY IS EMPTY!



IT'S ALL GONE INTO THE POCKETS OF AL SNEAD'S MEN! GRAFT!! HOSPITAL APPROPRIATIONS IN THE HANDS OF WARD WHEELERS!



MEANWHILE THE OLD-DEEN STARTS A DATE FOR FUNDS.



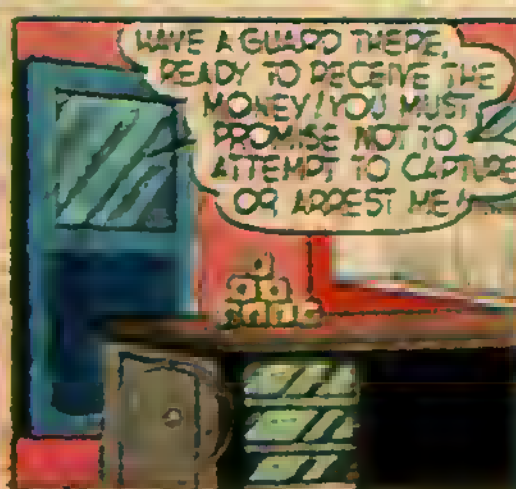
SORRY I HAVEN'T MORE TO GIVE FOR SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE, YOUNG MAN!

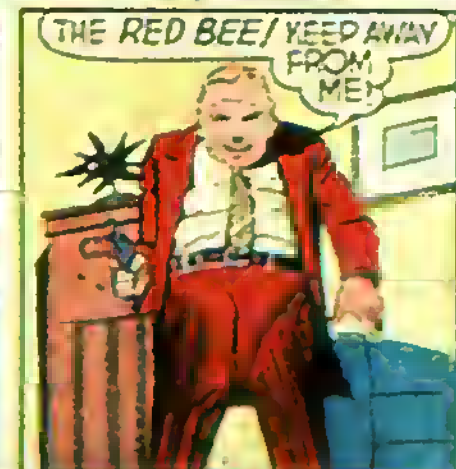
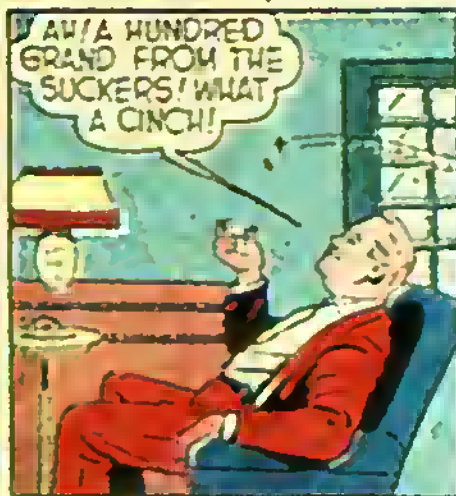


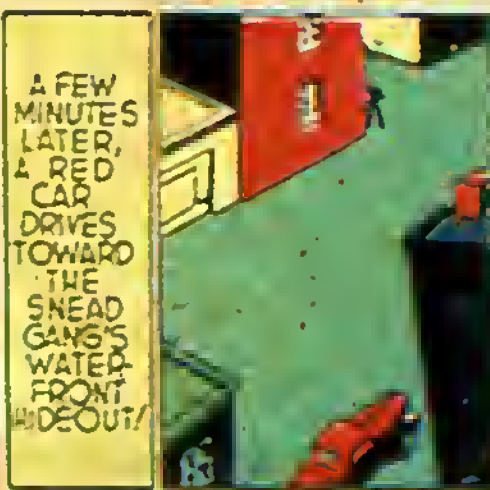
GOSH! THAT OLD GENT LOOKED HALF-STARVED AND HE PROBABLY GAVE ME HIS LAST PENNY!

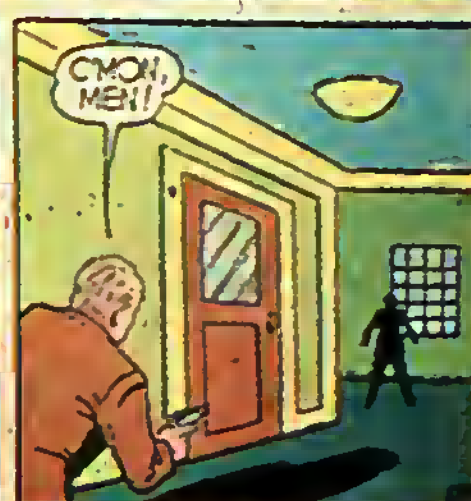
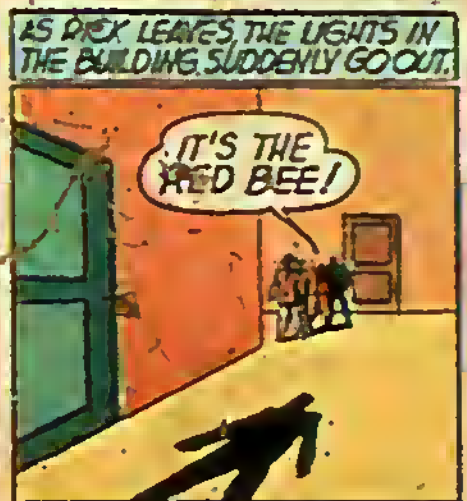
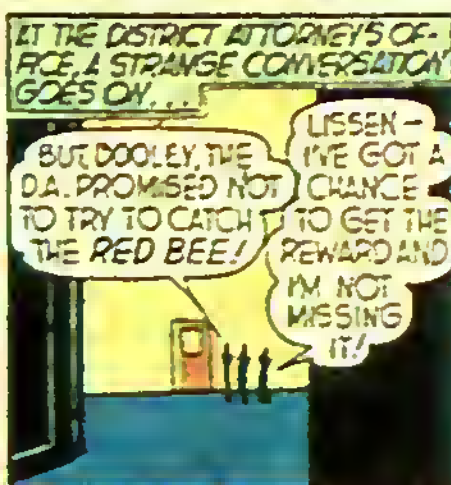


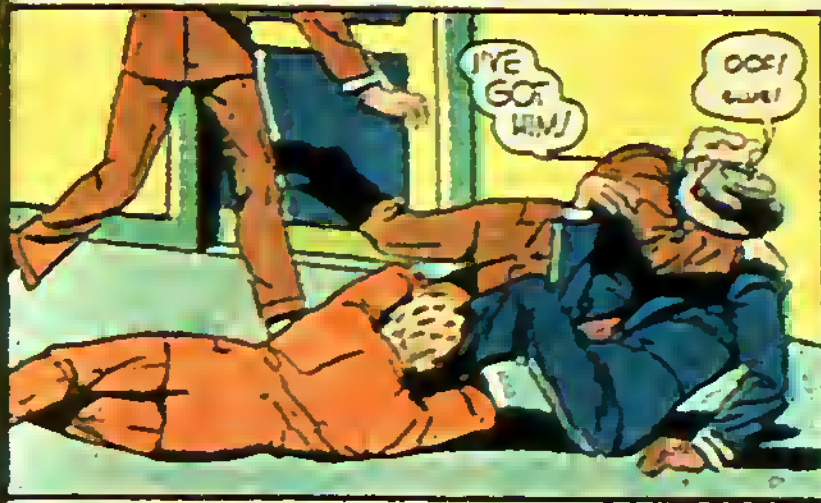
MEANWHILE IN A REMOTE SECTION OF THE CITY A PARTY IS IN FULL SWING...



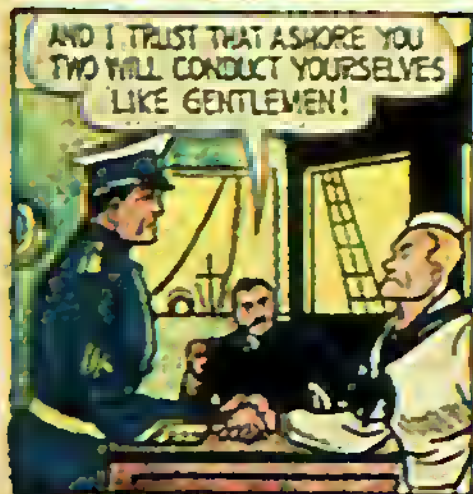
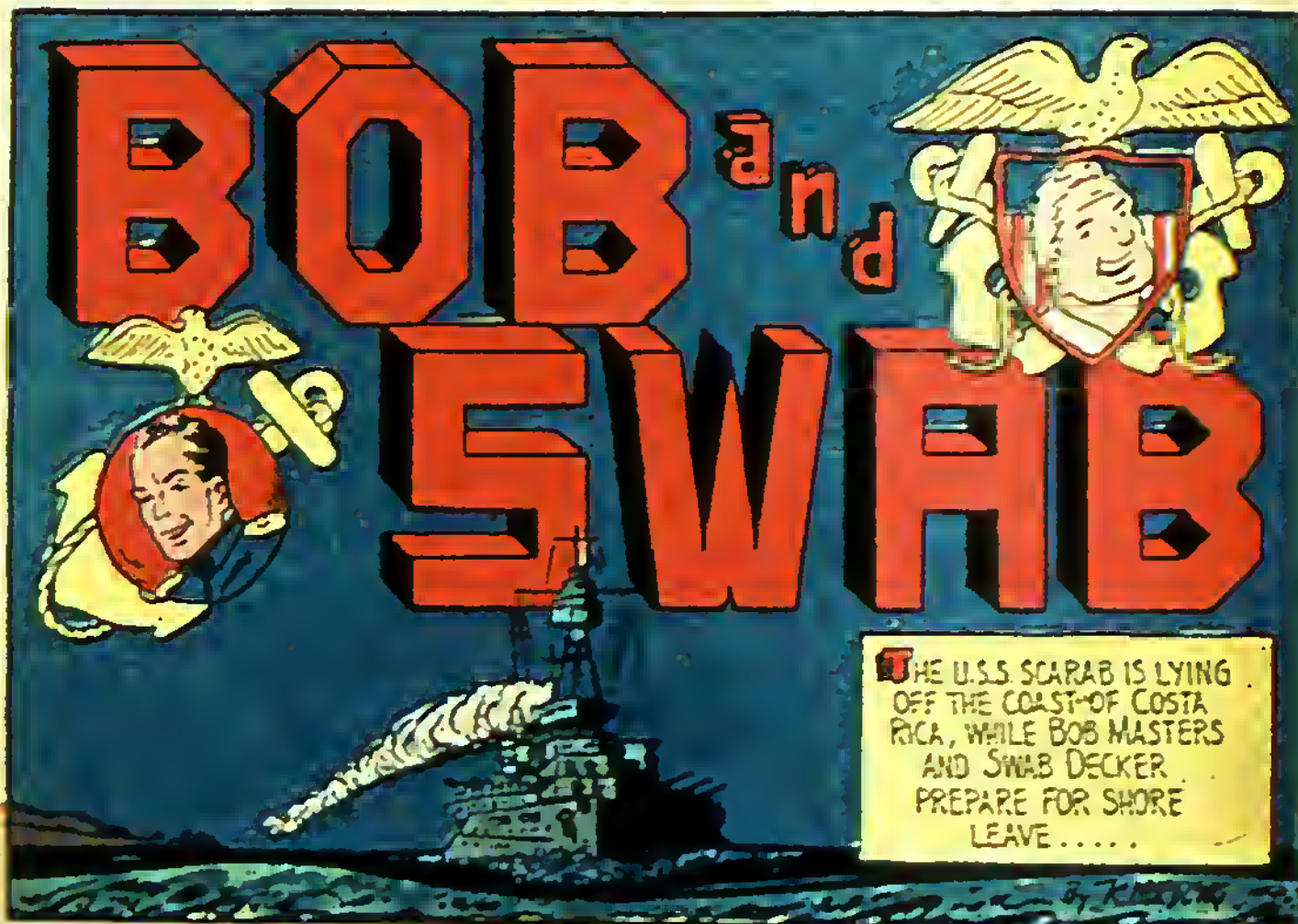


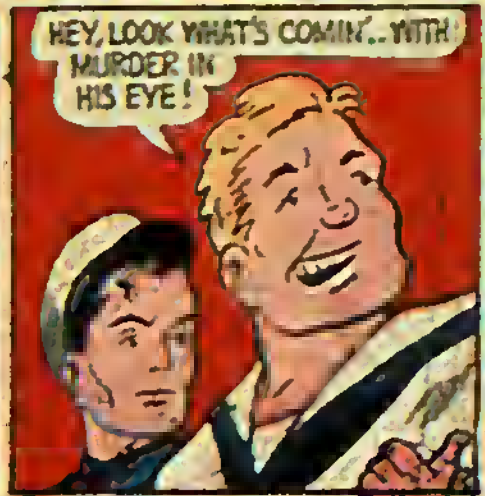
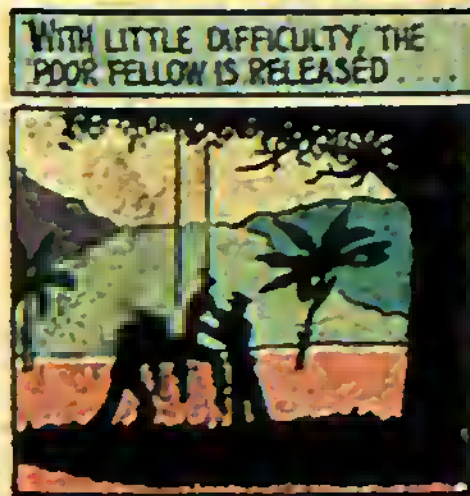
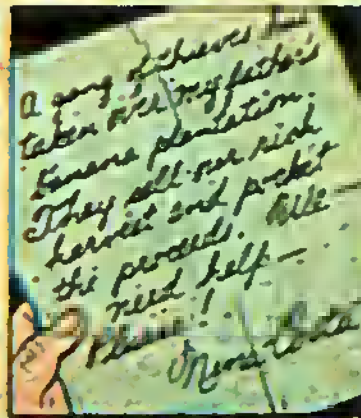






MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE RED BEE IN THE NEXT ISSUE







AND BOB CONFRONTS THE VILLAINS' VICTIM, COSTA.. BOUND AND GAGGED!



BUT BOB'S ZEAL IS SHORT-LIVED!



ON THE POINT OF DOZING, SWAB IS CAUGHT OFF GUARD!



LEMME ON MY FEET AN' I'LL SHOW YA!



FLAT ON HIS BACK, SWAB IS OVER-POWERED...



AND HE IS LEFT SWINGING BY HIS ANKLES FROM A TREE!



U.P. I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD... EVERYTH' IS POURIN' INTO MY HEAD!



MAYBE I CAN SWING OVER TO THAT HUT..



YEAH... AN' NOW WHAT??



BY YANKING THE ROPE, HOWEVER, HE MANAGES TO SLIDE IT ALONG THE BRANCH UNTIL HE HAS ENOUGH SLACK TO... UNTIE HIMSELF...



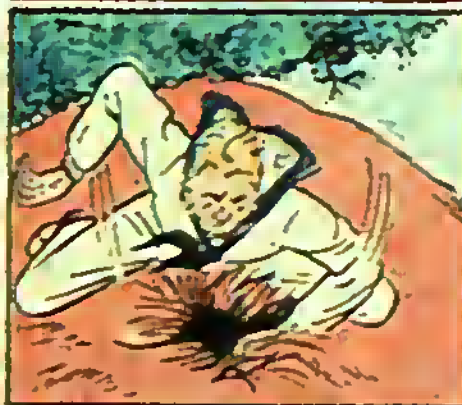
CANASTOS! HE EES LOOSE AGAIN!

OOOPS!





FURIOUSLY, THE GOB DIGS THROUGH THE THATCHED ROOF....



AH... THE BIG SHOT!



THE CUT-THROATS THEN STRIVE TO TRAP SWAB BY SETTING THE HUT AFIRE!



DON'T SHOOT THE BOSS, BOYS, OR YOU DON'T GET YOUR BONUS!

THE THUGS TAKE REFUGE FROM SWAB'S WITHERING GUNFIRE BEHIND THE COSTA GIRL...



HA HA HA!!! I'M STYMIED! THE LOWDOWN!!



THE SAILOR SUCCESSFULLY INCHES OVER TO THE MAIN HUT WHERE THE PRISONERS ARE HELD....



GMME THE KEY!!

YEAH... THEY NIPPED ME IN THE SIDE WITH A BULLET... NOT SERIOUS!



WHAT'S THIS FIREWORKS? HAM...

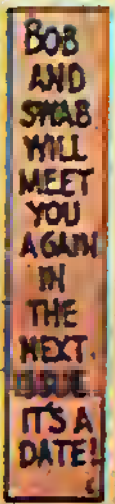
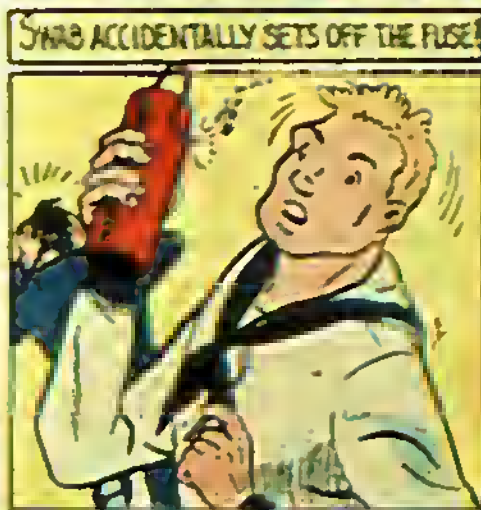
SI... WE WERE GOING TO HAVE THE CELEBRATION A FEW WEEKS AGO...



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HEY! I WANNA GET OUTA THIS ASHCAN! DON'T SHOOT... I GIVE UP!



CASEY JONES

CASEY ROARS ACROSS COUNTRY TO THE PACIFIC COAST. HIS ENGINE PULLS 100 FREIGHT CARS LOADED WITH WAR SUPPLIES FOR FOREIGN ALLIED POWERS.

By
Paul Doche

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT FOREIGN SHIPS ARE CARRYING THESE SUPPLIES, SO WE WON'T GET INVOLVED IN THE WAR.

YOU'RE RIGHT, CASEY.

THE SUPPLIES ARE LOADED ON.

WONDER WHY THAT SHIP ISN'T TAKING MORE CARGO?

SEEMS QUEER, CASEY.

THAT NIGHT, CASEY TAKES HIS TRAIN BACK TO CHICAGO. NEXT MORNING, THE TRACKS AND A BRIDGE ON HIS RUN ARE BLOWN UP.

RAILROAD OFFICIALS QUESTION CASEY.

HOW COME? YOURS WAS THE LAST TRAIN ON THAT RUN!

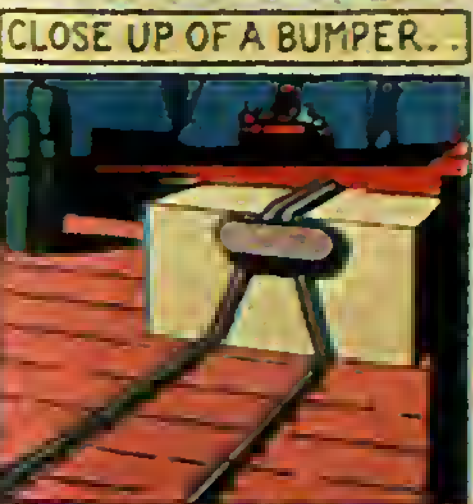
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR!

THE NEXT NIGHT, CASEY RETURNS OVER A DIFFERENT ROUTE, AND THE SAME THING HAPPENS. THIS TIME, A TUNNEL IS BLOWN UP!

AGAIN, THE OFFICIALS CONFERENCE.

THERE'S ONLY ONE TRACK LEFT FOR THE SUPPLIES TO BE CARRIED ON!

WE'LL TAKE CASEY OFF THE RUN!



CASEY WAITS UNTIL NIGHT-FALL. HE NOTICES GREAT ACTIVITY AT THE DOCKS.

THAT FREIGHT IS SCHEDULED TO RUN BACK TO CHICAGO IN TWO HOURS.



THERE'S THAT MYSTERIOUS SHIP IN PORT, AGAIN! THE FREIGHT-TRAIN IS ON THE DOCK NEXT TO IT.



THEY MUST HAVE LOADED THE SHIP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SLIP.



A PANEL SLIPS BACK ON THE HULL OF THE BOAT.

THEY'RE SLIPPING A PLATFORM WITH TRACKS TOWARD THE DOCKS!



THE TRACK ON THE DOCK IS SWUNG AROUND TO MEET IT.

HM, ARMED GUARDS!



A MIDGET ENGINE ROLLS FROM THE SHIP TO THE REFRIGERATOR CAR.

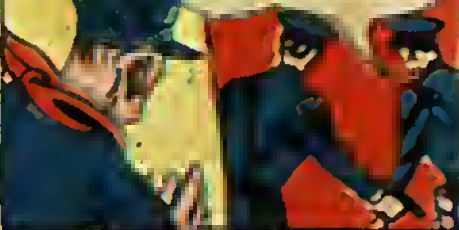


A PANEL ON THE REFRIGERATOR CAR ROLLS BACK. THE ENGINE IS RUN UP AN INCLINE AND INTO THE CAR.



CASEY OVERHEARS THE GUARDS.

THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE SABOTAGE OF THE RAILROADS ARE AGENTS FROM THE ENEMIES OF COUNTRIES RECEIVING THE SUPPLIES.

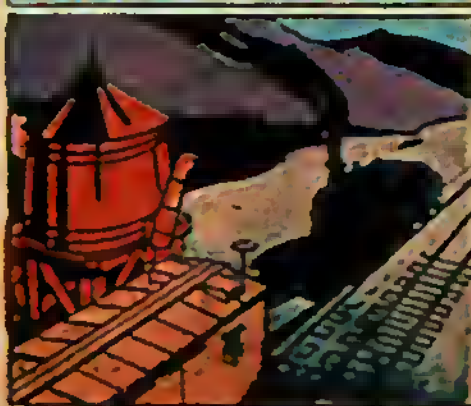


THE MIDGET TRAIN PULLS OUT.

ILL WATCH FROM THIS CAR.



IT SPEEDS ON AND STOPS AT A WATERING TANK.



CLIMBING ON TOP OF THE CAR, CASEY WATCHES AS THE MIDGET ENGINE IS UNLOADED.

ILL BE!



IT STARTS BACK.



LIKE A FLASH, CASEY RUNS TO THE DEPARTING TRAIN.



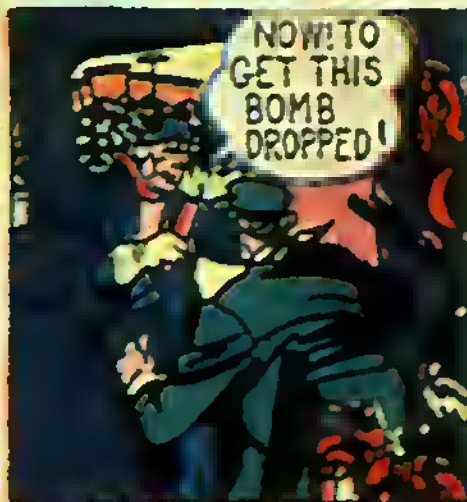
HE LEAPS INTO THE CAB.



THE ENGINEER FIGHTS SAVAGELY!



JUST AS CASEY IS WINNING THE FIREMAN SNEAKS UP.



BUT CASEY REVIVES! HE SWINGS WILDLY!



THE ENGINEER TOPPLES.



THE BOMB IS SENT FLYING INTO A FIELD, WHERE IT CAN DO NO HARM. . . .



THE TWO NOW START FOR HIM.



BUT CASEY CATCHES EACH WITH A SWIFT KICK IN THE STOMACH!



THEY ARE SENT FLYING FROM THE TRAIN. . . .





NOW TO TAKE
THIS ENGINE
BACK TO THE BOAT!



IT'S
CASEY!



IF YOU COME ANY
CLOSER, I'LL BLOW UP YOUR
SHIP WITH YOUR OWN BOMBS!



A BULLET ZINGS!



CASEY TOSSES A BOMB!



THE BOAT BLOWS UP WITH
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



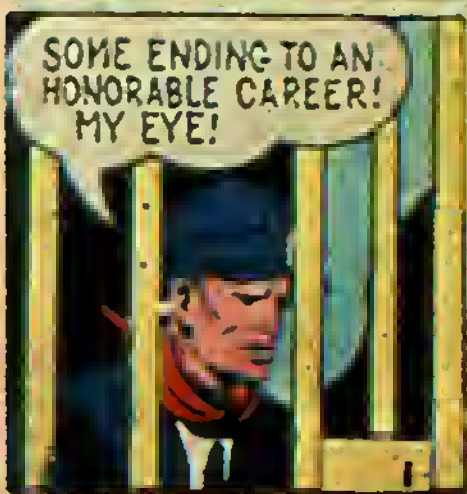
THE HARBOR POLICE COME
RUNNING.



THERE IS A "FREE FOR
ALL" FIGHT!



CASEY AND THE SPIES
ARE TAKEN TO JAIL...



SOME ENDING TO AN
HONORABLE CAREER!
MY EYE!

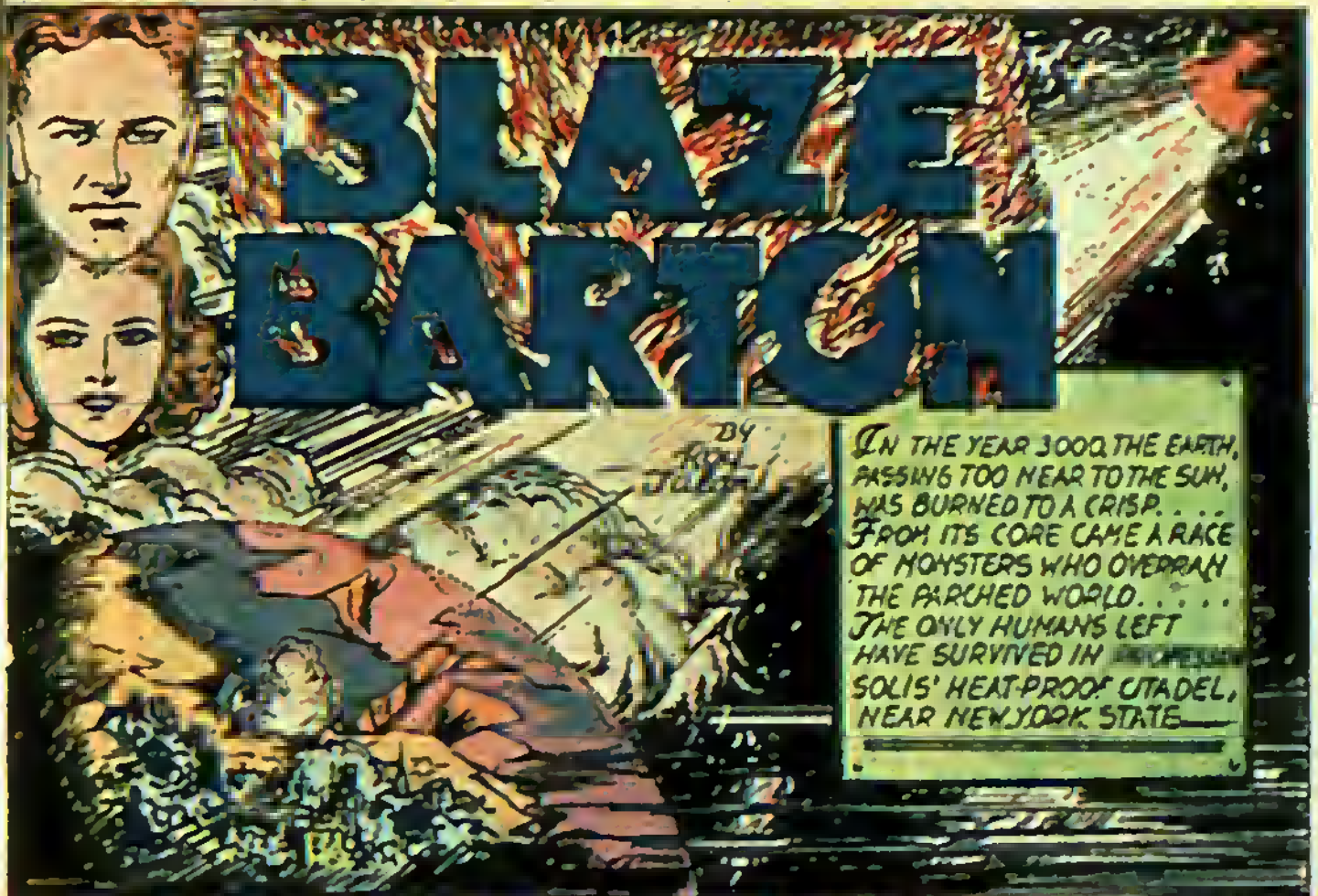


LATER, THE RAILROAD OFFICIALS LEARN
THE TRUTH AND PROFUSELY APOLOGIZE.

YOU DID A WONDERFUL
JOB, CASEY! YOU GO
BACK ON YOUR RUN,
PRONTO!

THANK
YOU,
SIR!

CASEY JONES
WILL THRILL
YOU IN
ANOTHER
EXCITING
TRIP IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF **HIT**
COMICS



BY

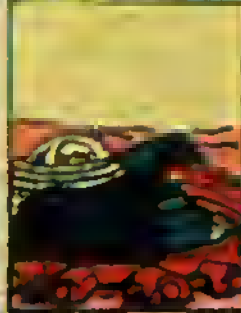
ROY

IN THE YEAR 3000 THE EARTH, PASSING TOO NEAR TO THE SUN, WAS BURNED TO A CRISP. FROM ITS CORE CAME A RACE OF MONSTERS WHO OVERRAN THE PARCHED WORLD. . . . THE ONLY HUMANS LEFT HAVE SURVIVED IN PROF. SOLIS' HEAT-PROOF CITADEL, NEAR NEW YORK STATE.

LIKE A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS, THE CORE CREATURES DEVASTATE THE RUINS THAT REMAIN UPON THE SCORCHED EARTH.



SAFE WITHIN THEIR CITADEL, PROF. SOLIS AND HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT BLAZE BARTON DISCUSS THE FUTURE...



IF WE COULD ONLY GET OUT AND GENERATE ENOUGH WATER FROM THIS NEW VEGETATION, IT MIGHT RESTORE THE EARTH.



MEANWHILE, FROM THE PLANET VENUS, COMES AN EXPEDITION TO DISCOVER WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ITS NEIGHBOR EARTH.



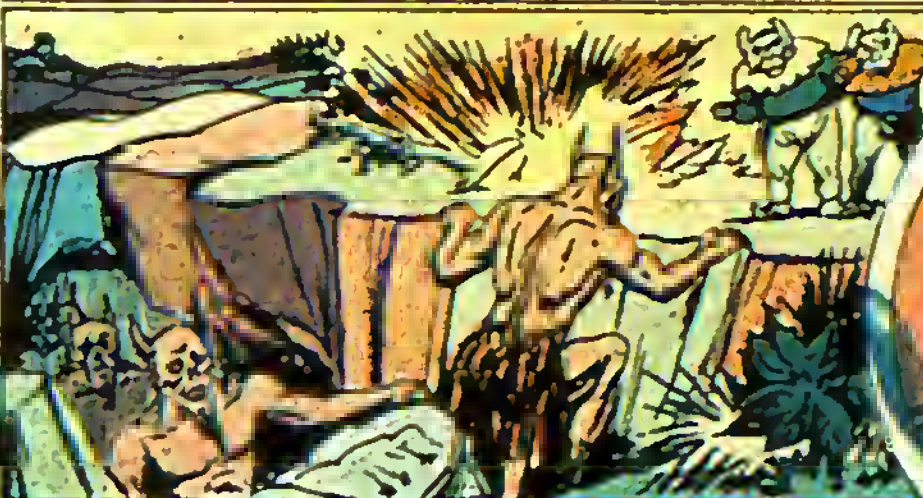
THE ROCKET FROM VENUS LANDS AT SOME DISTANCE FROM SOLIS CITY.



THAT MUST BE THE CAPITOL. LET US GO THERE.



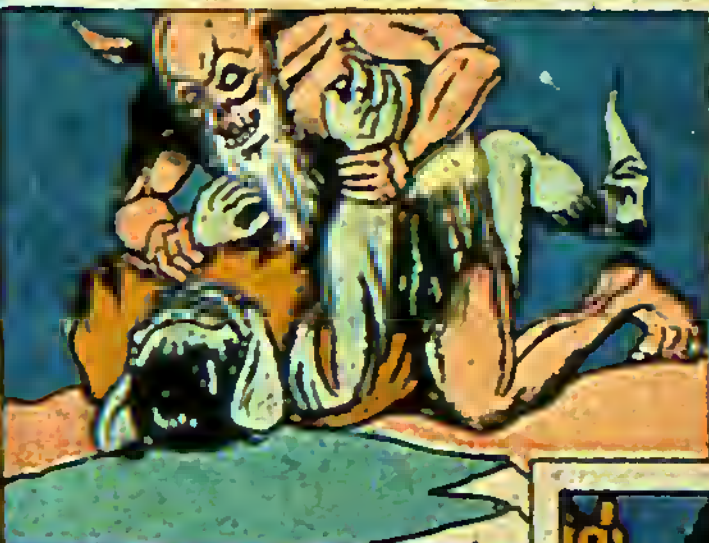
BUT, SUDDENLY, THE BAT MEN OF VENUS ARE MET BY A GROUP OF CORE CREATURES.



BEWARE, MY MASTER! THESE EARTHLINGS LOOK VICIOUS!



RUN, MASTER! I'LL KEEP THEM AT BAY!



WE'RE CUT OFF FROM OUR ROCKET! MAKE FOR THOSE RUINS!



TO THE DOME! QUICK!

THE FUGITIYES TAKE REFUGE HIGH IN A RUINED DOME.



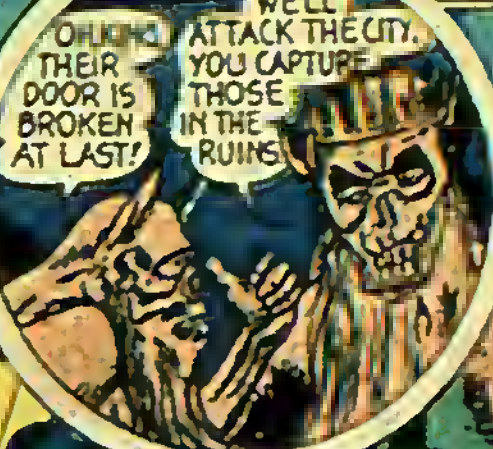
IN SOLIS CITY, BLAZE, PROFESSOR SOLIS, AND HIS DAUGHTER HAVE DECIDED TO AID THE STRANGERS FROM VENUS.



AS THE HEAT GATE CLOSES, A CORE CREATURE SMASHES THE LOCK.



UNAWARE OF DANGER, SOLIS WORKS ON IN HIS LABORATORY.



BLAZE, NOT KNOWING THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED, LOCATES THE BAT MEN IN THEIR PLACE OF REFUGE.



DON'T SHOOT! I AM A REAL EARTHLING. THOSE MONSTERS ARE OUR ENEMIES!

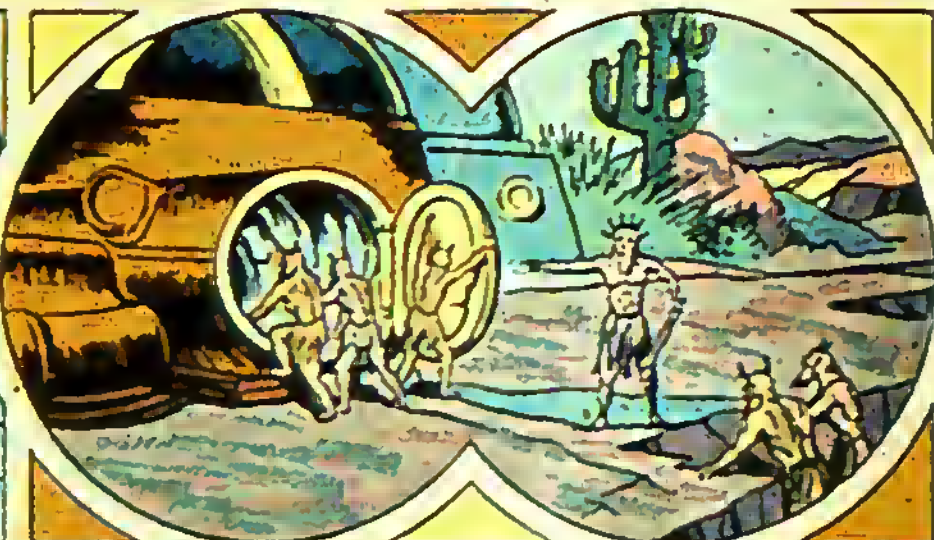


BLAZE QUICKLY PROVES HIS STATEMENTS.



THE ONLY HUMANS STILL ALIVE ARE IN SOLIS CITY, THERE!

THEY WON'T BE ALIVE LONG. YOUR FOES ARE ENTERING YOUR CITADEL.



I'VE GOT TO RETURN! BUT I'LL NEVER REACH THERE IN TIME!

FROM THIS HEIGHT, WE CAN GLIDE ON THE AIR CURRENTS. COME ON!

SWIFTLY THE BAT MEN SWOOP DOWN TOWARD THE CITY CARRYING BLAZE BETWEEN THEM.

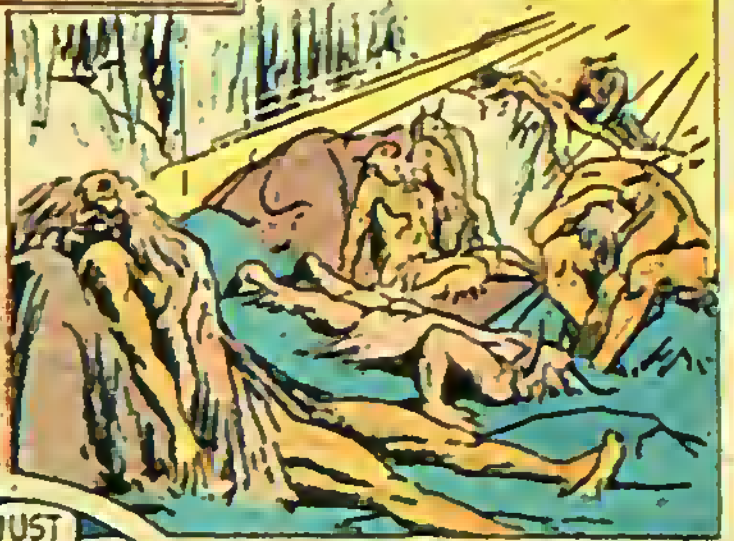
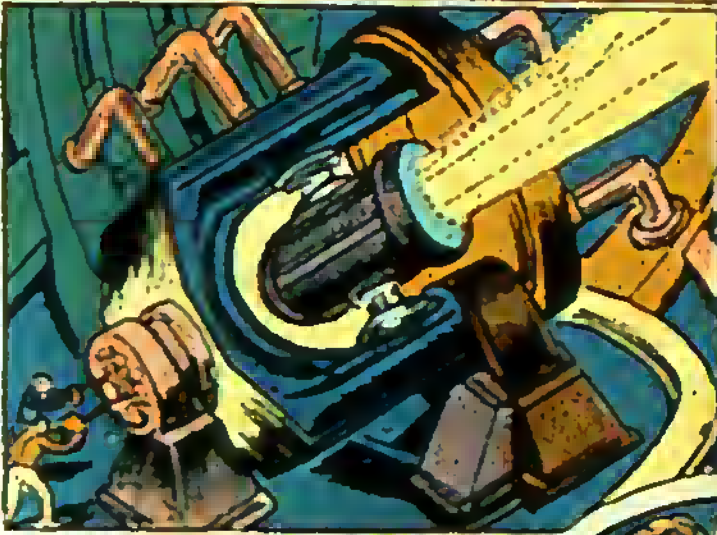


I'LL KILL HIM AND TAKE THE GIRL ALIVE!

BLAZE! COME OUT OF IT! THEY'VE CARRIED MY DAUGHTER OFF! SHE'LL DIE IN THAT OUTDOOR HEAT! QUICK! THE ICE-RAY!

HELP! HELP! FATHER! BLAZE! HELP!

BLAZE AND SOLIS PROJECT THE FREEZING RAY AT THE FLEEING CORE CREATURES. THEY, UNABLE TO SURVIVE IN LOW TEMPERATURES, DROP IN THEIR TRACKS.



YOU'RE SAFE IN THE PATH OF THE RAY. QUICK! I THINK THAT THERE'S MY DAUGHTER!

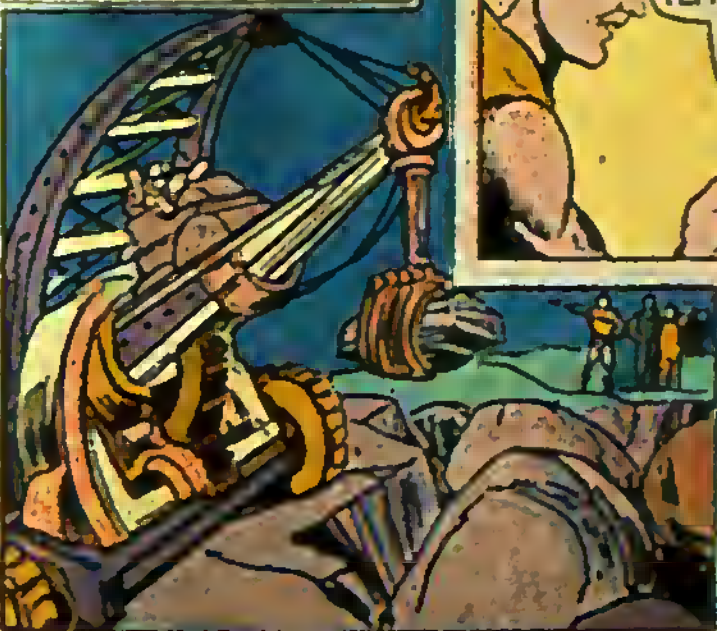


JUST IN TIME!

TO ESCAPE THE COLD, THE CORE CREATURES RE-ENTER THEIR ABODE DEEP IN THE EARTH.

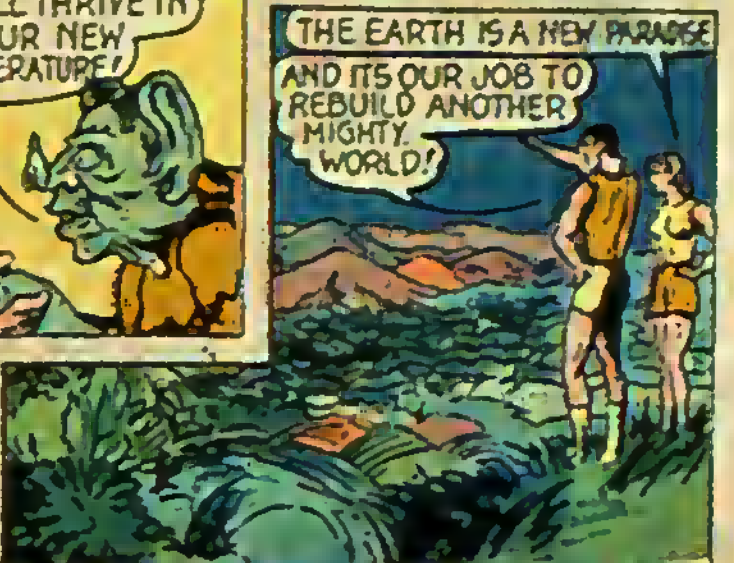


HUGE MACHINES FILL THE FISSURES AND CHASMS.



WE WILL RETURN WITH PLANTS THAT WILL THRIVE IN YOUR NEW TEMPERATURE!

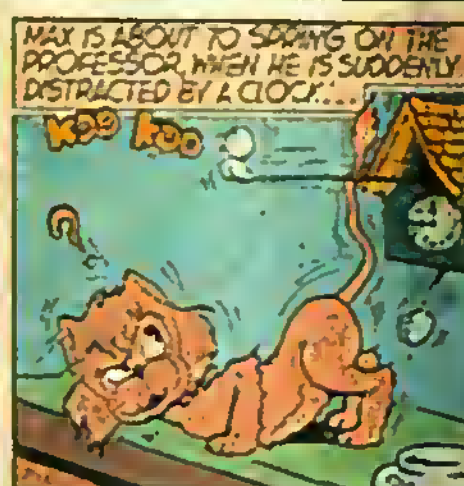
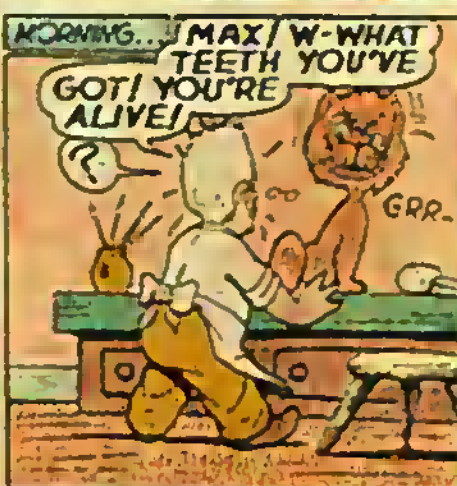
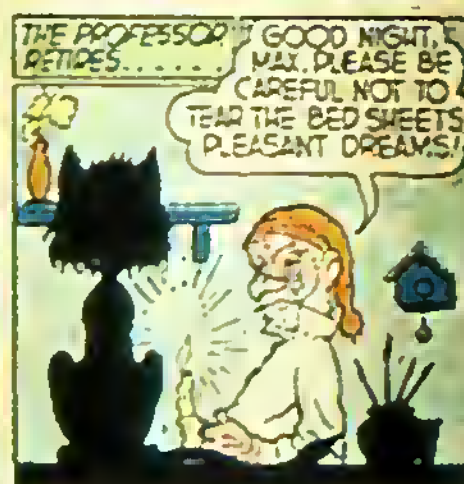
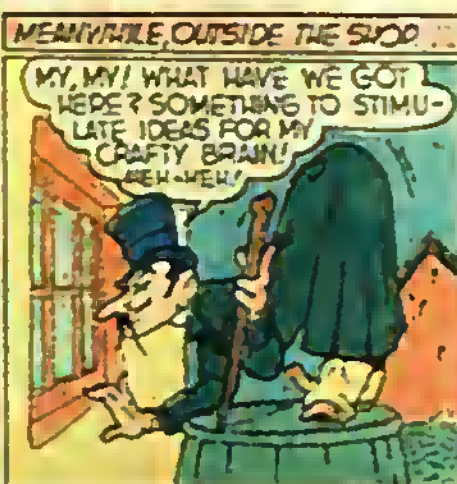
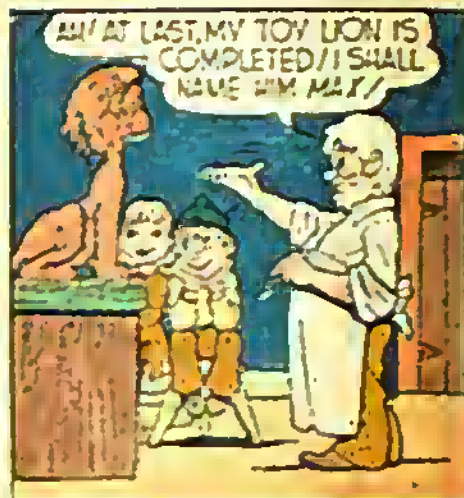
THE EARTH IS A NEW PARADISE AND IT'S OUR JOB TO REBUILD ANOTHER MIGHTY WORLD!

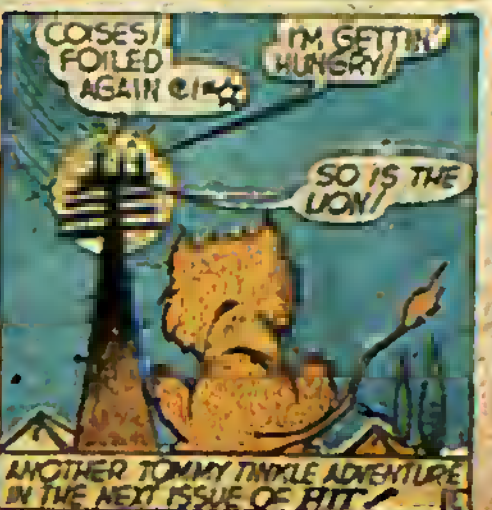
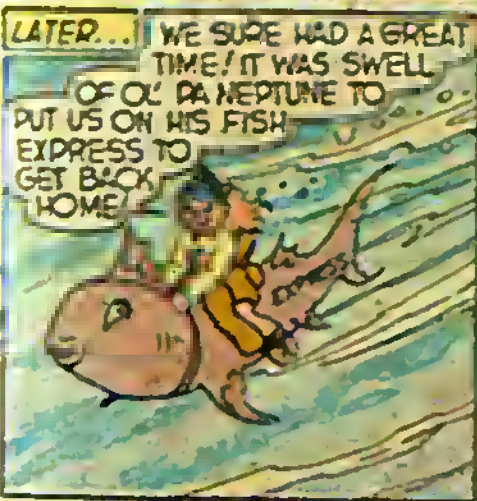
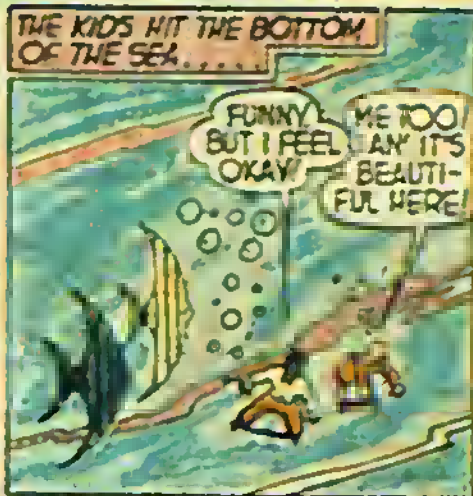


MORE STRANGE AND THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH BLAZE, AS HE EXPLORES THE HEART OF THE EARTH IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

DOODLEBUG

5





NEON

The UNKNOWN

by
Tyron Meroy

NEON THE UNKNOWN A YOUNG SOLDIER IN THE FOREIGN LOST IN THE DESERT FOR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER. SUD- DENLY COMES UPON A CAVERN DRINKING OF ITS A GREAT COMES OVER HIM!

THE WATER OF THE CAVERN CONTAINED A NEONIC SUBSTANCE WHICH MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED NEON INTO A MAN POSSESSING UNUSUAL NEONIC POWERS AND SUPERIOR STRENGTH.

WE ARE SORRY TO SEE YOU GO BUT I REALIZE THAT YOU ARE NEEDED WHEREVER CRIME OR OPPRESSION THRIVE, NEON!

HERE'S A COUNTRY IN EUROPE SUFFERING UNDER THE CRUEL HEEL OF A VICIOUS TYRANT/PERHAPS I CAN HELP HIS VICTIMS...

THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OF PACHAN IN DUKLAND

SOME OF THE GREATEST MINDS OF THE WORLD ARE DIED HERE

WE WHO COULD HAVE LED THE WORLD IN PEACE ARE DYING HERE WHILE HE WAGES A USELESS WAR!

OUR BOOKS ARE ALL BURNED!

BACK! BREED OF SWINE! WE SHOULD KILL YOU NOW! WHAT GRATITUDE FOR OUR KINDNESS!

SUDDENLY, THE BULZING FIGURE OF NEON APPEARS BEFORE THE CRINGING PRISONERS...



STOP THIS... BESTIAL CRUELTY! THESE MEN ARE INTELLIGENT, YOU BRUTAL FOOL!



BUT THE VICIOUS GUARDS ARE QUICK TO ATTACK, AND NEON ALLOWS THEM TO OVERPOWER HIM.....



SEEMINGLY UNCONSCIOUS, HE IS CARRIED TO THE DARK, EVIL-SMELLING CELLS...



THROW THE DOG IN THERE! WE WILL GIVE HIM HIS 'MEDICINE' LATER!

WHEN THE GUARDS ARE GONE...



WHAT? YOU ARE NOT HURT?

NO, I'VE COME TO HELP YOU ESCAPE!

AMAZING!

IT IS UP TO YOU MEN OF GENIUS TO SAVE THE WORLD! I HAVE POWERS THAT CAN ASSIST YOU...



WHAT DO YOU ADVISE US TO DO? WE MUST FORCE THE DICTATOR TO SIGN A PEACE! THEN YOU SHALL SET UP A DEMOCRATIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT... FOLLOW ME...



NEONIC RAYS FLARE FROM HIS FINGER TIPS AS THE MAN OF POWER HELTS THE PRISON-BARS.....



EAGERLY, THE CAPTIVES MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE!

IT IS A MIRACLE!

PERHAPS, BUT ITS RESULTS WILL BE VERY REAL!



WE MUST HURRY!

THAT TRAIN WILL CARRY US TO THE NATION'S CAPITAL! COME ON!



AGAIN BRINGING HIS AMAZING FORCES INTO PLAY NEON STOPS THE ONRUSHING LOCOMOTIVE.....

HALT!



PRISONERS FROM RACHAW! YOU CAN'T BOARD THIS TRAIN!

SORRY BUT YOU WON'T MOVE, UNLESS WE DO!



THE ENGINEER REALIZES THAT HE IS POWERLESS AGAINST NEON'S TREMENDOUS FORCES AND PERMITS THE RAGGED PRISONERS TO CLIMB INTO THE CARS.....

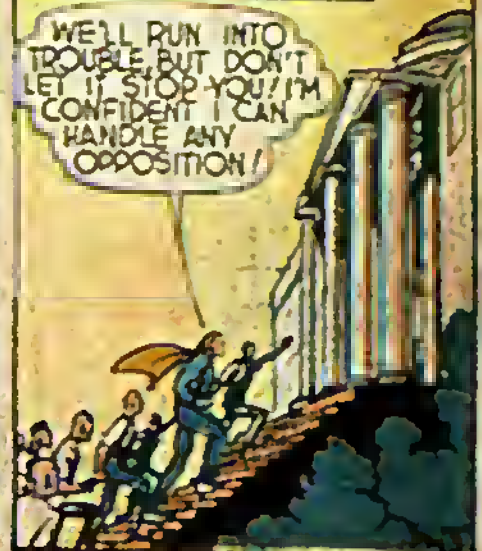
SOON WE WILL END THIS REIGN OF TERROR!

HERE WE GO!



THEY REACH THE CAPITAL AND MOUNT THE STEPS OF THE CHANCERY.....

WE'LL RUN INTO TROUBLE, BUT DON'T LET IT STOP YOU! I'M CONFIDENT I CAN HANDLE ANY OPPOSITION!



THROUGH A WINDOW A SMALL FIGURE WATCHES THE APPROACHING BAND OF AVENGERS.



IT IS RADOLF THE DICTATOR.

HOW DID THOSE MEN ESCAPE? WHERE ARE MY GUARDS?! IDOT! DUMBHEAD! KILL THE SWINE!



MENACING FOOTSTEPS RESOUND AS THE GUARD SURROUNDS NEON'S MEN.



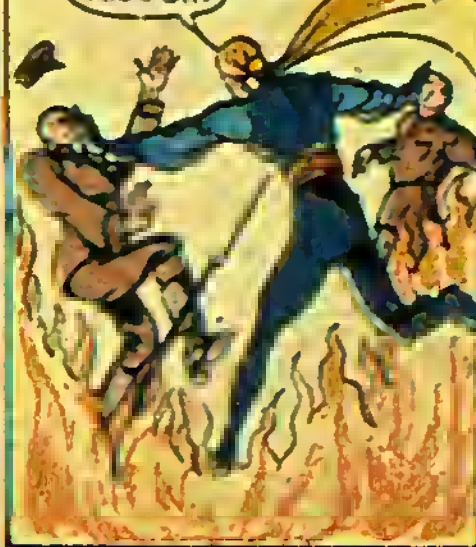
NEON SENDS FORTH A QUICK FLASH THAT SPRINGS INTO A WALL OF PROTECTING FLAME.

WHAT IS THIS?

STAND BACK!



YOUR PUNY GUNS CAN'T STOP THESE MEN FROM CARRYING OUT THEIR MISSION!



RADOLF WILL NOT WELCOME ME, BUT—



NEON BURSTS INTO THE DICTATOR'S PRIVATE CHAMBER...

WHO ARE YOU? GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! GUARDS! GUARDS!



FRIGHTENED RADOLF? WHEN YOU SEE THE GHOSTS OF MEN VICTIMS OF THE SCHEMES OF YOUR VICIOUS AND DEMENTED BRAIN YOU WILL SUFFER THE TORTURE THAT YOUR SADISTIC GUARDS INFLECTED ON THEM!





Read THE BLACK CONDOR

*The Man
Who Can
Fly!*

Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

Each
Month
in **CRACK**
COMICS

THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY?



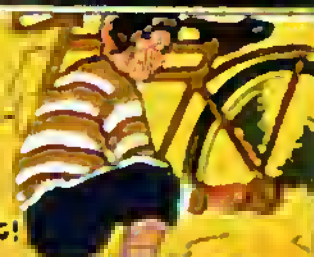
BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
GENTS CONTRIVED TO



ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!



**BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A
MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping,
easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball
bearings (21) than any other brake. Your
bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow
Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



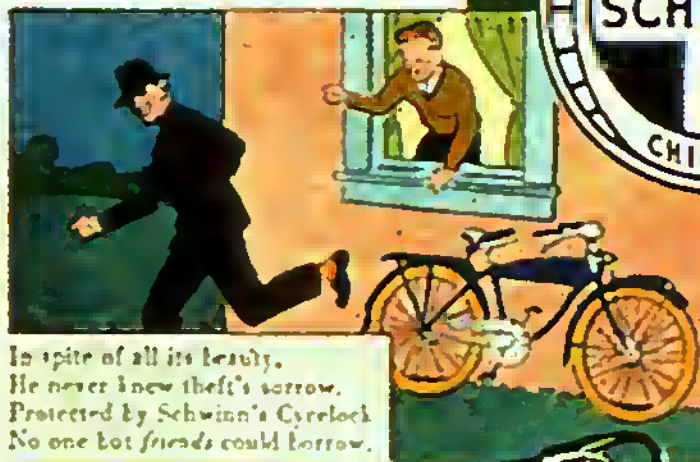
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of Bendix Aviation Corporation, Detroit, M. I.

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!

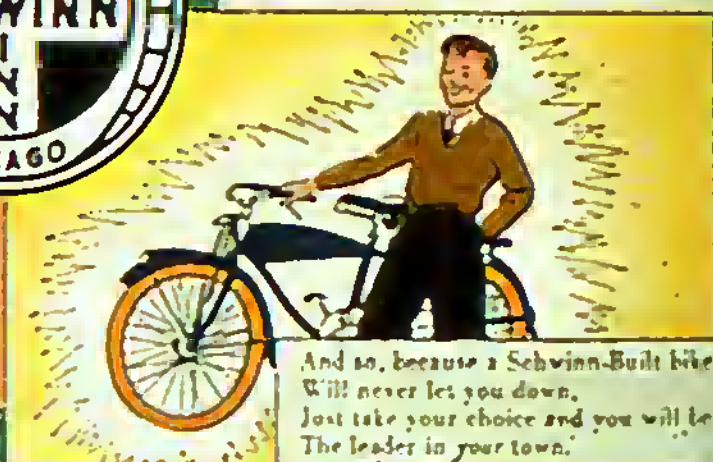


There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys!

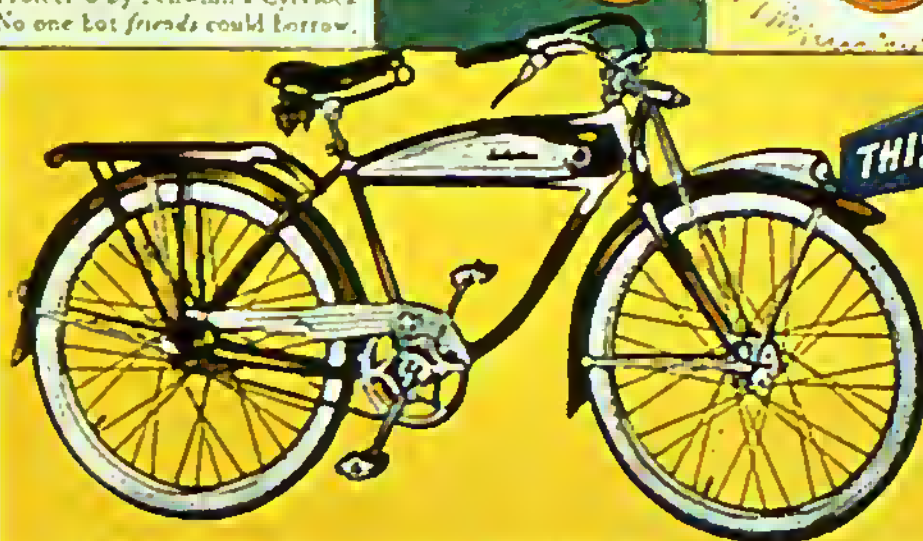
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow,
Protected by Schwinn's Cyrelock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you should
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for free copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
1244 N. Kildare, Chicago, IL

Please send my copy of the 1940 Illustrated FREE
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name

Address

City